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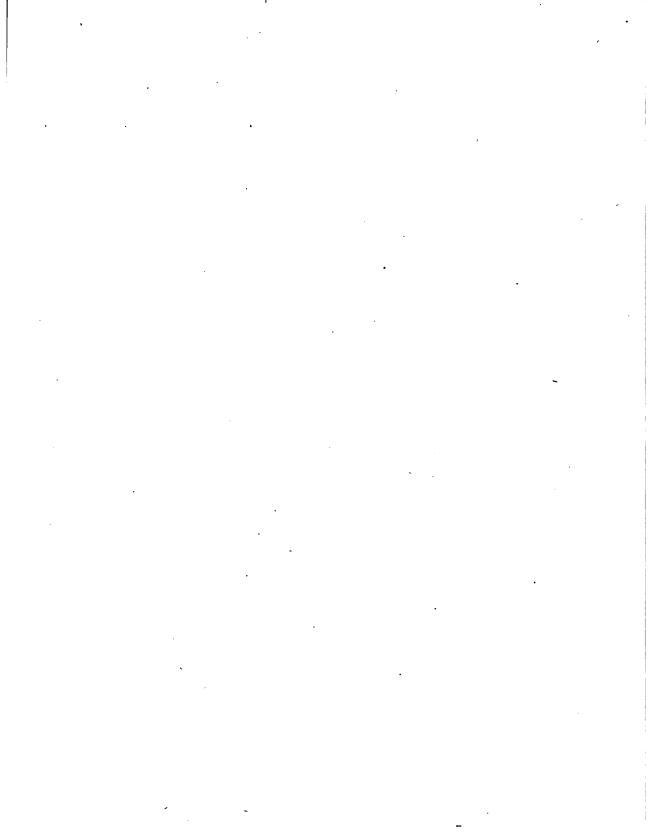
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JUVENILIA

POEMS

GEORGE WITHER

CONTAINED IN THE COLLECTIONS OF HIS
JUVENILIA WHICH APPEARED IN
1626 AND 1633

PART II.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1871



PRINTED BY CHARLES S. SIMMS, MANCHESTER.

If thou perceive some, as some will doe then, Keepe out a many worthy Gentlemen, And let a Laundresse or a Scoundrell passe, Give him a ierke, and tell him hee's an Asse.

But left thou fpy what may make thee asham'd, (Or speake of that for which thou maist be blam'd) Leave thou the Court, if thine owne felfe thou pitty, And come a while to walke about the City. As foone, as there thou entrest, thou shalt meet Great store of Gallants passing out the street. A part, from Dice, or Fence, or Dancing come, And peraduenture, from a whore-house some: Thefe, are good fellowes that will frankly fpend, While Lands doe last, or any man will lend; And yet to fee (more fooles the world had neuer) They are fo proud, as if 'twould last for euer. And though these lightly cannot have a worse, Or deadlier sickenesse, than an empty purse, Which will enfue; yet tell them, they must meet, At the Kings-bench, the Counters, or the Fleet.

Then, step vnto the Lawyers: peraduenture They'l by some Writ command thee not to enter. Yet feare them not; but looke and thou shalt spy Vnder their gownes, a masse of knauery. Pluck off the maske of Law, that cloaks their drifts, And thou shalt see a world of lawlesse shifts. But, tell them there's a Judge will not be feed: And that perhaps will make their Conscience bleed.

Then tell the Scriueners as thou passest by, That they were best to leave their forgery, Y

Or

Or elfe, why is't their eares doe scape so well? The Diuell meanes to beare them whole, to hell.

Tell the Physicians (if thou meet with any)
Their Potions and their Drugs haue murther'd many,
For which, thou wouldst haue lasht, but dost delay them,
Because the Diuell meanes to pay them:
But if they'l prooue conclusions, bid them then,
Try't on themselues, and not on other men.

Defire the Brokers that they would not yawne After the forfeit of anothers pawne. It is their right by Law they'l fay, 'tis true; And fo's their foule, perhaps, anothers due: But sting them; if their conscience quite be fled, Then shall they pay, what they have forseited.

Entreat the Taylor next, if that he can,
To leave his theft, and prove an honeft man.
And if he thinke the matter be too hard,
Knocke him about the Noddle with his yard.
If he be rich and take the fame in fnuffe,
Tell him his fubstance is but stollen stuffe:
And, that the Iay would hardly brooke the weather,
If every Bird should take away her feather.
So having whipt him; let the Priest goe shrive him
And (if he have authoritie) forgive him.

Go warne the Crafts-man that he doe not lurke All day at Ale-house, and neglect his worke: And then survey the ware of every Trade, For much (I tell thee) is deceitfull made. Which if thou find; I charge thee do not friend it, But call him knaue, and bid him go and mend it.

Oh

Oh fee, if thou the Marchant-man canst finde,
For heele be gone at turning of the winde:
Bid him keepe touch, or tell his worship how
His heart will tremble when the Seas are rough:
Desire him too, if he doe trauell thither
Where Conscience is, that he would bring some hither;
Here's little, some will haue it; if none will,
He shall gaine by it, though he keepe it still:
If he bring none, 'twere charity I thinke,
To pray some storme may make his vessell sinke.

Looke in their ships, for I have knowne deceit
Hath been in both the owner, and the fraight;
Yea, note them well, and thou shalt find their books
Are Woodcocks ginnes, and barbed sishing hooks:
But he thereby great store of wealth obtaines,
And cares not how, so he encrease his gaines:
Yet, least his riches hap to make him proud,
Satyr, I pray thee, tell him this aloud
To make him smart; that, whilst he like a mome,
Playes fast abroad, his wife playes loose at home:
Nor shall his ill-got masse of wealth hold out,
But he, or his, become a banquerout.

Now to thy rest, 'tis night. But here approaches A troope with Torches, hurried in their Coaches. Stay and behold, what are they? I can tell, Some bound for Shorditch, or for Clarken-well: Oh these are they which thinke that Fornication, Is but a youthfull, sportfull, recreation: These to hold out the game, maintaine the backe With Marrow-Pies, Potato-roots, and Sacke:

Y 2 And

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THE SCOVRGE.

And when that Nature hath confum'd her part, Can hold out a Luxurious course by Art: Goe, stop the horses quickely (least thou misse) And tell the Coachmans wanton carriage this, They of their guide must be aduised well, For they are running downe the hill to hell. Their Venery, will soone consume their stocks, And bring them to repentance with a pocks.

For other crimes committed without light, Let fuch reueale as fee like Owles by night: For many men a fecret fault can finde, But in apparant roageries are blinde. Or else, they will not see; but thou wert best Leaue whipping, and betake thee to thy rest. If in an Inne it be, before thou fup, Will that the Tapster call his Master vp, And bid him kindly, fith there lodge thou must To vse plaine-dealing like an honest Host. Diffembling's nought, hard reckonings they are worfe; Light gaines (they fay) will make a heavy purse. And let him not (a fault with many rife) For base aduantage prostitute his wise; For many men (who are not what they should be) Do make their wives more wanton than they would be. Thereby they gaine, their Innes are ill frequented; But fuch ill courses are too late repented. So schoole him well, but, doe thy whip refraine, And fend him to his other guests againe.

Then thou shalt see the nimble Tapster fly, Still yauling, Here, anon sir, by and by.

So

So diligent that time, more knowne must make him, Or, for an honest man thou wilt mistake him; His best reuenue is by *Nicke* and *Froth*; Which priviledge to loose, they would be loth. And, there's an old shift (if they leave it not) There must be something added to the shot. But wilt thou swagger with him for it? No: But take him as he is, and let him goe.

Now for most Hostlers if you hap to try them, Knaues thou maist say they are, and not belie them; For, they deceive the poore dumbe travelling beast, And for the same deserve a ierke at least; Yet, doe thou spare them: for there is no doubt, Some guest will find a time to pay the lout.

Well, having rested, and discharg'd thine Host, Ile fend thee downe into the Country, Post: For I have businesse, no man would believe, With whom d'ye thinke? e'ne with the vnder-Shrieue: Tell him thou heardst (and that's a fault indeed) That in some causes he is double-feed. And that moreouer he deferues a portion With those that are indited for extortion: Yea and for other things as well as that, Tell him the countrey termes him, he knowes what. Whereat if thou perceive, he make a sport Thou whip him shalt, till he be forry for't. Say to our Knights; their much formality, Hath made them leave their Hospitality: And fay (although they angry, be therefore) That many of themselues ar not onely poore,

Yз

But

But that they have to (or they are belied) Quite begger'd their posterity with pride.

And fith thou art fo neere them; doe not cease Vntill thou see our Iustices of Peace:
There, try if thou canst get but so much fauour,
To binde the Country to the good behauiour.
And tell them, how, thou hast enformed beene,
That they haue granted Warrants vpon spleene;
Are partiall, and haue ouer-sway'd by might
The poore mans cause that's innocent and right:
If this thou finde be true, thou hast permission
To lash, or put them out of the Commission.

The Constable, if he were bid, I wisse,
Be good in's office, 'twere not much amisse:
For he, they say, a many meanes may haue
If so he be dispos'd to play the knaue;
See how he deales, and make thy message knowne,
For he hath stocks, and whipping-posts of 's owne.

There are Church-wardens too, I shame to see How they runne into wilfull periurie.
Partly in fauour, and in part for seare,
They winke at much disorder in a yeare:
But if thou hap to take them in the lurch,
Ierke them, as euill members of the Church.
If they reply, offenders are so friended
Though they present, 'tis little thing amended:
Yet tell them 'tis their dutie to discharge
Their consciences in euery thing at large;
Which if they doe, ill dooers shall be sham'd,
Or the corrupted Visitors be blam'd.

And

And prethee tell the B. Chancellors
That thou art fent to be their counsellors:
And will them, if they meane not to be stript,
And to be once againe like schoole-boyes whipt
Their worships would not so corrupted be;
To hinder Iustice for a scuruy see.

Then next goe tell their reuerend good Masters, That thou and they are like to fall to wasters: Faith; thou shalt finde their Doctorships, perhaps, Disputing of their Surplesses and Caps, About the holy Crosse, a Gowne, a Hood, Or some such matter for the Churches good: But tell them, there are other things to do, A great deale fitter to be lookt into; And if they please to goe their Visitation, There's waightier matters looke for reformation. Yea, say there's many an infirmity Which they both may, and ought to remedy: But touch them with remembrance of their place, And they perhaps will alter then the case.

Then bid those Dunces in our Colledges,
That they prouide them good Apologies;
For 'tis reported lately, they have both
Betooke themselves to venery, and sloth,
And seeke not learning onely, as they should,
But are back-friends to many a man that would:
'Twere sit they made a publique recantation,
And were well whipt before a Congregation.

So leaving them their wits for to refine, Thou shalt be bold to looke on the Diuine;

Y 4

They

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THE SCOVRGE.

They fay he's growne more carefull of his stocke, Of profits and of tithes, than of his slocke: Now if thou finde report hath not beli'd him, With good respect vnto his Calling, chide him.

I had almost forgot our civill Doctors;
I pray thee warne them and their lazie Proctors,
They would not vse to make so many pauses,
Before they doe determine poore mens causes,
And let them not suppose their sees are small,
Sith they at last will get the Divell and all.

There be Court-Barons, many in thy way,
Thus maift thou to the Steward of them fay;
Their policiy in raifing fines and rents,
Hath put poore men befides their Tenements:
And tell them (let them answer if they can)
Their false Court-roles haue vndone many a man.
Say thou hast seene what to their place belong'd,
And knowst oft-times both Lord and Tenants wrong'd:
Yet spare thy whip; for why? the peoples curse
Already hath prepared them a worse.

So when thou thus hast punisht Vices slaues, And roundly ierkt the Country petty knaues, Then march thou to the Campe, and tell thou, there The lusty ruffling, shuffling Caualere, (Whose hardned heart can brooke to rob and spill His friend or foe; to ruine, wound or kill) That he will one day finde a misery Will dog him to reuenge his cruelty: And see that thou the Ruffians courage quaile, Or lash him, till the stocke and whip-cord saile.

Walke

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THE SCOVRGE.

Walke but the Round, and thou maist hap to catch The carelesse Souldiers sleeping in their watch; Or in a march perhaps they'l goe aftray: But, if thou fee them out of their array, And without leave and warrant roming out, To fetch fome desperate booty there about, Remember them; and for their flout brauado's, See thou reward them with found bastinado's. Then bid the Captaines in their Garifons, Not lay to pawne their rich Caparisons, Nor runne vpon the fcore till they are forc't To be disarm'd for payment, or vnhors't, Nor keepe the Souldiers hire, lest they be faine To make an infurrection, or complaine. For, that indeed, proues oftentimes the cause They doe so much transgresse the Martiall lawes. Yea; tell them tis a scandall to be drunke. And drown their valour; or maintaine a Punke. Then if they mend it not, to blot their fame, In steed of honour, whip them for't with shame.

Laftly, there are some selfe-conceited wits,
Whose stomacks nought but their owne humor sits;
Detracting Critriks; who e'ne at the best,
Doe bite with enuy, or else snarle at least:
And in thy Progresse if discern'd thou be,
'Tis out of question they will snap at thee.
To spight them then, the waie's not to out-brawle them:
But say thou car'st not, and that lash will gaule them.

Now Satyr, leave me to my felfe alone; Thou hast thy message, and thou maist be gone:

Whip

Whip any that shall offer to withstand thee In executing that which I command thee.

And yet, (fo ho, ho, ho,) come backe againe, Be fure that thou doe vnderstand me plaine. First note; I from my Scourge doe here except The Guard by whom the Kingdomes peace is kept, The vertuous Peeres; know, that I nothing grutch them: And on my blessing see thou doe not touch them.

And, if in all our Offices there's any That is an honest man, among so many, Him did I euer meane that thou should'st spare; Because I know that such an one is rare.

Physicke and Law I honour (as tis fit,)
With euery vertuous man professing it;
I doe not ayme at such as they: Nor when
I flout our Gallants, meane I Gentlemen,
That well and decently maintained be
According to their fashion and degree:
No, those I loue; and what can I lesse doe,
Sith I of them am well-beloued too?

To blame all Marchants, neuer was my will; Nor doe I thinke all Trades-mens worke is ill: My meaning must not so be vnderstood; For the last shooes I had were very good.

Yea, and so farre am I from such a thought Thou should'st against the Vertuous doe ought: That if thou but an honest Tapster see, Tell him I wish we might acquainted be; And Ile that Hostler loue, which in amends Will vse my horse well, that we may be friends.

And

And to be briefe, Good Satyr vnderstand,
That thou maist not mistake what I command:
'Tis not my meaning, neither doe I like
That thou at this time should'st in special strike:
Because my hatred might appeare as then,
Not to the vice, but rather to the men.
Which is not so; for though some malice me,
With every one I am in charity.

And if that thou doe euer come to fight,
And bring thy yet concealed charge to light;
I wish it might be tooke as 'twas intended,
And then no vertuous man will be offended.
But, if that any man will thinke amis,
Vpon my life that party guilty is:
And therefore lash him. So, get th'out of dore;
Come what come will, Ile call thee backe no more.

Well now he's gone the way that I direct him, And goe he shall how ere the world respect him: If any meruaile why he was not bolder, Perhaps he may be when that he is older: He hath too smooth a chin, a looke too milde, A token that he is not wholly wilde; But may I reach the yeeres of other men, If this loose world be not amended then, I'le send a Satyr rougher than a Beare, That shall not chide & whip, but scratch and teare; And so I'le teach him, he shall be too strong. For all your Paris-garden dogs to wrong. This Satyr hath a Scourge, (but it wants weight: Your Spanish whips were worse in eighty-eight)

That

3²4 THE SCOVRGE.

That, shall not onely make them howle for paine, But touse them, till they hold their peace againe.

Now, if the world doe frowne vpon me for't: Shall I be forry? No, 'twill mend my fport; But what if I my felfe should hap to stray Out of my bounds, into my Satyrs way? Why then; (and that's as much as I need doo) I'le giue him leaue to come and lash me too.

So now my Muse a resting time requires For shee's o'rewearied, and her Spirit tires.

Πάντοτε δοξα Θεφ.

FINIS.



Certaine Epigrams to the Kings most excellent Maiesty, the Queene, the Prince, the Princesse, and other Noble and Honourable Personages, and Friends, to whom the Author gaue any of his Books.

To the Kings Maiestie.

EPIGRAM. I.

Oe here dread Sou'raign, and great Britaines King, First, to thy view, I have presum'd to bring These my Essaies; On which but gently looke, I doe not make thee Patron of my Booke; For, 'tis not fit our Faiths-Desender (still) Take the protestion of each trisling quill. No, yet because thy wisedome able is Of all things to make vse; I give thee this: The Picture of a beast in Humane shape; Tis neither Monkey, nor Baboone, nor Ape, Though neere condition'd. I have not sought it In Affrick Deserts, neither have I brought it Out of Ignota terrà, those wilde Lands Beyond the farthest Megalanick strands

Yeeld

Yeeld not the like; the Fiend lives in this Ile, And I much mus'd thou spi'dst not all this while That man-like Monster. But (alas!) I saw, The looke of Maiesty kept him in awe: He will not, (for he dares not) before thee Shew what (indeed) it is his vie to be. But, in thy presence he is meeke, demure Deuout, chaste, honest, innocent, and pure: (Seeming an Angel, free from thought of ill,) And therefore, thou must needs so thinke him still. But, for because thy Soueraigne place denies The fight of what is view'd by meaner eyes, This I have brought thee with much care and paine: 'Twas like to haue beene forced backe againe. So loath the world was, that thine eye should view The Portraiture that I have drawne so true: Yea, yet (I feare) she findes her selfe so gall'd, That some will studie how to hau't recall'd: But tis too late; for now my Muse doth trust, When thou hast seen't, thou wilt approve what's inst. And if I may but once perceive, or heare, That this found's pleafing in thy Kingly eare, Ile make my Muses to describe him fuller, And paint him foorth in a more lively colour. Yea I will to the worlds great shame vnfold That which is knowne, but neuer yet was told. Mean-while, great King, a happy Monarch raigne, In spight of Rome, the Diuell, Hell, and Spaine.

Another



Another to his Maiestie.

EPIGRAM. 2.

S hee that feeds on no worse meat than Quailes. And with choise dainties pleaseth Appetite, Will neuer have great lift to gnaw his nailes, Or in a course thin diet take delight: So thou great KING that still dost over-looke The learned works that are most deep, most rare, Canst not perhaps my ruder Satyrs brooke, Nor dost thou for such sharp-fanged Criticks care. Oh doe not yet thy selfe so much estrange From wonted curtefie to others showne. A Countrie dish doth often serue for change; And something here is worthie to be knowne. Sharpe fauce gives sweetest meat a better taste, And though that this to many bitter be, Thou no such sicknesse in thy stomacke hast, And therefore 'twill be pleasing vnto thee. What, though I neither flatter, fawne, nor footh, My honest plainenesse shall more truly praise thee, Than those that in Court-language filed smooth, Strive vnbeleeved Tropheis for to raise thee, $M\nu$

My loyall heart cannot so well impart

The love it beares your Maiesty as others:

The want of Time, Encouragement, and Art,
My purpose in the Embrio still smothers.

Obscuritie, crosse-Fates, and want of Meanes,
Would have made Rome's great Maro harshly sing:
But if once Cæsar to his Musicke leanes,
His tunes through all the world will sweetly ring.
And this made English wits, late famous growne,
Eliz'as princely hand did oft peruse,
Their well tun'd Poems; and her bounty showne?
And that gives light and life to every Muse.
Oh! had I such a Star for Pole to mine,
I'de reach a Straine should ravish all the Nine.

To the Queenes Maiestie.

EPIGRAM. 3.

In posse.

DAughter, Wife, Sister, Mother to a King.
And Empresse of the North, enrich thy Name;
Yet thou dost chastitie and wisedome bring
Bountie, and Bounty to make vp thy same.
Which sith (faire Queene) my Muse hath vnderstood,
She's bold into thy presence to intrude;

Assured

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EPIGRMS.

Assured, honest meanings that are good Shall finde acceptance there, though they seeme rude. Looke and behold the Vanities of Men, Their Miseries, their Weaknesses and Pride: And when described by my rurall Pen, Thou each particular hast here espide, Thinke with thyselfe how blest thy Fortunes be, T'enioy so rare a Prince, that both knowes how To keepe himselfe from such fell Passion free, And make so many mad-wilde creatures bow: Indeed heere's Vices tablet plainely made, Not veiled ouer, or obscurely drawne; 'Tis in a colour which shall never fade, That men may blush on such a Hag to fawne. But if your Grace will fauour what I fing, Though Vertue be in durance, Ile repreeue her, That-now despised-Nymph to honour bring, Set all her hidden beauties forth; and give her So sweet a looke, and such a dest attire,

To CHARLES, Prince of Wales

Men shall grow love-sicke, and burne with desire,

EPIGRAM. 4.

SEe heere, faire Off spring of the Royall Ste What all the world almost is subject to; Z

Behold

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Behold it fo, thou truely mayst contemne,
And from thy heart abhorre, what others doe;
Now is the fit and onely time to season
That yong rare-vnderstanding breast of thine
With facred precepts, good advice, and reason.
But there's no doubt thou wilt to good incline:
Inheritance great Prince will make it thine.
And were Mans nature yet more prone to fall,

To the Princesse.

So to be borne, and taught, would helpe it all.

EPIGRAM. 5.

Sweet Princesse; tho my Muse sing not the glories
Of faire aduent'rous Knights, or Ladies loues:
Though here be no Encomiasticke stories,
That tender hearts, to gentle pitty moues:
Yet in an honest homely Rusticke straine,
She limmes such creatures, as may you nere know.
Forgiue her, though she be seuere or plaine
Truth, that may warrant it, commanded so.
Yea, view it ouer with beliese, but than,
I am asraid you will abhorre a man.

And yet you need not; All deserve not blame, For that great *Prince* that wooth to be yours,

If

(If that his worth but equalize his fame,)
Is free from any Satyr here of ours.

Nay, they shal praise him; for though they have whips
To make the wicked their offences rue,
And dare to scourge the greatest when he trips,

Vertue shall still be certaine of her due.
But for your sake (if that you entertaine him)

Oh would he were a man as I could faine him.

Yet sweet Elizabeth: that happy name,
If we lost nothing else by losing thee,
So deare to England is, we are to blame
If without teares and sighes we parted be:
But if thou must make blest another Clime;
Remember Our: and for that though I vse
A crabbed subject and a churlish rime,
Deigne but to be the Mistris of my Muse;
And I'le change Theames, and in a losty stile,
Keepe thee aliue for euer in this Ile.

To the Lords of his Maiesties most Honourable Privie Councell.

EPIGRAM. 6

Most honour'd Lords; I here present this book, To your graue Censures, not to shew my Art:

Z 2 Nere

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EPIGRAMS.

Nere did you on so rude a matter looke, Yet, 'tis the token of an honest heart. I did it not to please or flatter any, Nor haue I made it for the thirst of gaine; For I am fure it will not humour many, And I expect much hatred for my paine. Here, fomething you may fee, that now requires Your care and prouidence to haue't amended: That is, the height to which my Mu/e aspires, And whereto I haue all my labour tended. It may be, there be fome, out of their hate, Will mif-interpret what is plainely meant; Or taxe me as too fawcy with the *State*, In hope to make me for the truth be shent: Yet know *Great Lords*, I doe acknowledge here, It is your Wisedomes, that next God maintaines This Kingdomes good; And from my heart I beare A reuerent respect vnto your paines. I doe not, as fuch faine would have it feeme, Prefume to teach your Wifedomes what is best; I doe not mine owne knowledge so esteeme: Vile felfe-conceit I (from my heart) detest. But for because I know the piercingst eye Can neuer into all abuses see: And fith the greatest in authoritie May not behold fometime fo much as we: What therefore I have thought to be amisse, And worth amending I have told it here: I know your Hononrs will be pleas'd in this, Though fome (it may be) cannot rage forbeare:

But

333 *EPIGRAMS*:

But if there's any take this writing badly, Had it told all, it would have vext him madly.

To HENRY, Earle of Southhampton.

EPIGRAM. 7.

South-hampton; fith thy Province brought me forth, And on those pleasant Mountaines I yet keepe, I ought to be no stranger to thy worth, Nor let thy Vertues in oblivion sleepe.

Nor will I, if my fortunes give me time:

Meane while read this, and see what others be. If thou canst like't, and wil't but grace my Rime, I will so blaze thy Hampshire Springs and Thee, Thy Arle, Test, Stowre, and Auon shall share Fame, Either with Humber, Severne, Trent, or Thame.

To WILLIAM, Earle of *Pembroke*.

EPIGRAM. 8.

Thou whom no private endes can make vniust,
(True Noble Spirit, free from hate or guile)
Z 3
Thou

Thou, whom thy Prince, for thy great care and trust, Hath plac't to keepe the entrance of this *Ile*, See heere th' abuses of these wicked Times:

I have expos'd them open to thy view,
Thy iudgement is not blinded with like crimes,
And therefore maist perceive that all is true.

Tak't: for though I seeme a stranger, I know thee;
And for thy vertues (*Penbroke*) this I owe thee.

To the Lord Liste, Lord Chamberlaine to the Queene.

EPIGRAM. 9.

Asidney being, and so neere allied
To him whose matchlesse rare immortall pen
Procur'd of Fame to haue him deissed,
And liue for euer in the hearts of men:
The loue my soule hath euer borne that name,
Would certainely perswade me for your sake,
In honest seruice to aduenture blame,
Or any open dangers vndertake:
Yet shall not That, your Titles, nor your Place,
Your Honours, nor your Might, nor all you haue,
Cause me to slatter, for regard or grace,
Fortune shall neuer make my minde a slaue:
But seeing that your Vertue shines apparant,
And honourable acts doe speake your praise:

Sith

335 *EPIGRAMS*:

Sith Good report hath given forth her warrant, Which none (so much as by himselse) gaine-sayes, That (and nought else but that) compels my Muse To sing your worth, and to present her owne.

If this impersect issue you'l peruse,
I'le make her in a better forme be knowne,
And teach her, that is now so rude and plaine,
To soare a pitch aboue the common straine.

To the Lady Mary Wroth.

EPIGRAM. 10.

MAdame, to call you beft, or the most faire, The vertu'st and the wisest in our dayes: Is now not commendations worth a haire, For that's become to be each huswives praise.

There's no degree below Superlatiue, Will serve some soothing Epigrammatists: The Worst they praise, exceeds Comparative, And Best can get no more out of their fifts.

But Arts fweet Louer (vnto whom I know, There is no happy Muse this day remaines, That doth not to your worth and service owe, (At least the best and sweetest of his straines,)

Z 4

Vouch-

Vouchfafe to let this Booke your fauour finde: And as I here haue *Mans* abuses showne, Those *Muses* vnto whom you are enclinde, Shall make your worth and vertues so well knowne:

While others false praise, shall in one's mouth be, All, shall commend you, in the high'st degree.

To the Lord Ridgeway.

EPIGRAM. II.

SIR, you first grac't and gratifi'd my Muse,
Which nere durst try till then what she could doe:
That which I did, vnto my selse was newes;
A matter, I was little vs'd vnto:
Had you those first endeauours not approu'd
Perhaps I had for euer silence kept;
But now your good encouragement hath moou'd,
And rous'd my Spirits, that before time slept;
For which, I vow'd a gift that should be better:
Accept this for't, and Ile be still your debter.

Heere you shall see the Images of Men
More sauage than the wildest Irish kerne:
Abuses whipt and stript, and whipt agen;
I know your iudgement can the Truth discerne.

Now

Now so you well will thinke of this my Rime,
I'ue such a minde yet to Saint Patricks Ile,
That if my Fate and Fortunes giue me time,
I purpose to re-uisit you a while,
And make those sparks of honour to slame high
That rak't vp in obliuions cinders lie.

To his Father.

EPIGRAM. 12.

Thers may glory, that their Fathers hands Haue scrap't together mighty sums of gold, Boast in the circuit of new purchast lands, Or heards of Cattell more than can be told. God giue them ioy; their wealth Ile nere enuy, For you have gotten me a greater store, And though I have not their prosperitie, In my conceit I am not halfe fo poore. You learn't me with a little to content me, Shew'd how to bridle passion in some measure; And through your meanes, I have a Talent lent me, Which I more value than all *Indies* treasure. For, when the almost boundlesse Patrimonies Are wasted; those, by which our Great ones trust To be eterniz'd: when their braueries Shall be forgotten, and their Tombes be dust:

Then

Then, to the glory of your future line, Your owne and my friends facred memory, This little, poore, despised wealth of mine Shall raise a Trophee of eternitie: Which fretting Enuy, nor consuming Time, Shall ere abolish or one whit offend: A toplesse Statue, that to Starres shall climbe, Such fortune shall my honest minde attend.

But I must needs confesse, 'tis true, I yet
Reape little profit in the eyes of men.
My Talent yeelds small outward benefit,
Yet I'le not leaue it for the world agen.
Though't bring no gaine that you by artfull sleight
Can measure out the Earth in part or whole;
Sound out the Centers depth, and take the height
Either of th'Artick, or Antartick Pole;
Yet 'tis your pleasure, it contentment brings:
And so my Muse is my content and ioy:
I would not misse her to be rankt with Kings,
How-euer some account it as a toy.

But having then (and by your means) obtain'd So rich a Patrimonie for my share, (For which with links of loue I'me euer chain'd) What duties fitting for such bounties are.

Moreouer, Nature brought me in your debt, And still I owe you for your cares and seares: Your paines and charges I doe not forget, Besides the interest of many yeeres. What way is there to make requitall for it? Much I shall leave vnpaid doe what I can:

Should

Should I be then vnthankfull? I abhor it,
The Will may ferue, when Power wants in man.
This booke I giue you then; here you shall finde
Somewhat to counteruaile your former cost:
It is a little Index of my minde;
Time spent in reading it will not be lost.
Accept it, and when I haue to my might
Paid all I can to you; if Powers Diuine
Shall so much in my happinesse delight
To make you Grandsire to a sonne of mine;
Looke what remaines, and may by right be due,
Ile pay it him, as 'twas receiu'd from you.

Your louing Sonne George Wither.

To his Mother.

EPIGRAM, 13.

VNgratefull is the childe that can forget
The Mothers many paines, her cares, her feares,
And therefore, though I cannot pay the debt
Due for the smallest drop of your kinde teares;
This Booke I for acknowledgement doe giue you,
Wherein you may perceiue my heart and minde;
Let neuer false report of me more grieue you,
And you shall sure no iust occasion sinde

Loue

340 EPIGRAMS:

Loue made you apt to feare those slanders true,
Which in my absence were but lately sowne;
It was a motherly distrust in you,
But those that rais'd them are false villaines knowne.
For though I must confesse I am indeed
The vilest to my selse that lives this time;
Yet to the world-ward I have tane such heed,
There's none can spot me with a haynous crime.
This I am forc't to speake, you best know why:

This I am forc't to speake, you best know why: And I dare strike him that dare say I lye?

To his deere Friend, Master Thomas Cranly.

EPIGRAM, 14.

BRother, for fo I call thee, not because
Thou wert my Fathers or my Mothers sonne;
Not consanguinity, nor wedlocke lawes
Could such a kindred twixt vs haue begunne:
We are not of one bloud, nor yet name neither,
Nor sworn in brother-hood with alehouse quarts,

We neuer were fo much as drunke together:

'Twas no fuch flight acquaintance ioyn'd our harts,
But a long knowledge with much triall did it;

(Which are to chuse a friend the best directions.)
And though we lou'd both well at first, both hid it,
Till 'twas discouer'd by alike affections,

Since

341

EPIGRAMS.

Since which, thou hast o're-gone me far in shewing The office of a Friend. Doe so and spare not:

(Lo, here's a Memorandum for what's owing;)

But, know, for all thy kinde respect I care not,

Vnlesse thoul't show how I may service doe thee:

Then will I sweare I am beholding to thee.

Thine, G. W.

To his louing Friend and Coufen-German, M^r. William Wither.

EPIGRAM. 15.

If that the Standerds of the house bewray What Fortunes to the owners may betide; Or if their Destinies, as some men say, Be in the names of any signisted, Tis so in thine: for that saire antique Shield, Borne by thy Predecessors long agoe, Depainted with a cleare pure Argent sield, The innocencie of thy line did show. Three sable Cresents with a Cheueron gul'd, Tels that blacke Fates obscur'd our houses light; Because the Planet that our fortunes rul'd, Lost her owne lustre, and was darkned quite:

And

And, as indeed our Aduersaries say, The very name of Wither showes decay. But yet despaire not, keepe thy White vnstain'd, And then it skils not what thy Crescents be. What though the Moone be now increast, now wan'd? Learne thence to know thy lifes inconstancie; Be carefull as thou hitherto hast bin. To shun th' Abuses Man is taxt for here: And then that brightnesse now eclipst with sin, When Moone and Sun are darkned, shall looke cleare: And what so e're thy name may seeme to threat, That quality braue things doth promise thee; Ere thou shalt want, thy Hare will bring thee meat, And to kill care, her felfe thy make-sport be: Yea, (though yet *Enuies* mists do make them dull)

I hope to see the waned Orbes at full,

To

343 EPIGRAMS.

To his Schoole-Master, Master Iohn Greaues.

EPIGRAM. 16.

I F euer I doe wish I may be rich
(As oft perhaps such idle breath I spend)
I doe it not for any thing so much
As to haue wherewithall to pay my Friend.
For, (trust me) there is nothing grieues me more
Than this; that I should still much kindnesse take,

And have a fortune (to my minde) fo poore,
That (though I would) amends I cannot make:

Yet, to be still as thankfull as I may; (Sith my estate no better meanes affords.)

What I in deeds receiue, I doe repay
In willingnes, in thanks, and gentle words.
Then though your loue doth well deferue to haue
Better requitals than are in my power;

Knowing you'l nothing vitra posse craue
Here I have brought you these Essaies of our.
You may thinke much (perhaps) sith there's so many
Learn'd Graduats that have your Pupils been;

I, who am none, and more vnfit than any,
Should first presume in publicke to be seene:
But you have heard those horses in the teem
That with their worke are ablest to goe through,

So

344 *EPIGRAMS*.

So forward feldome as blinde *Bayard* feeme, Or giue fo many twitches to the plough:
And fo though they may better; their intent Is not, perhaps, to foole themselues in print.

To the captious Reader.

What thou maift fay or think now tis no matter:
But if thou bufily imagine here,
Sith most of these are great ones, that I flatter;
Know, sacred *Iustice* is to me so deare,
Did not their *vertues* in my thoughts thus raise them,
To get an *Empire* by them, I'de not praise them.

FINIS.

PRINCE HENRIES OBSEQUIES;

Or

MOVRNEFVLL ELEGIES vpon his Death:

With

A fupposed Inter-locution betweene the Ghost of Prince *Henry*, and *Great Britaine*.

By George Wither.



LONDON,

Printed by T. S. for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in Pauls-Church-yard at the Signe of the Greene Dragon. 1622.





TO THE RIGHT HONOV-

rable, Robert Lord Sidney of Penshurst, Vicount Lisley, Lord Chamberlaine to the Queenes Maiesty, & L. Gouernour of Viushing, and the Castle of Ramekins.

GEORGE WITHER presents these Elegiakfonnets, and wisheth double Comfort after his two-fold forrow.

Anagramms on the name of Sir William Sidney Knight, deceased.

Gulielmus Sidneius.
En vilis, gelidus fum.
* But *
Ei' nil luge, fidus fum.

Beside our great and Vniuersall care,
(Wherein you one of our chiefe sharers are)
To adde more griese vnto your grieses begun,
Whilst we a Father lost, you lost a Son,
Whose haplesse want had more apparant beene,
But darkened by the Other 'twas vnseene,

Aa2

Which

348 The Epiftle.

Which well perceiving, loth indeed was I, The Memory of one so deare should die: Occasion thereupon, I therefree tooke Thus to present your honour with this Booke, (Vnfained, and true mournefull Elegies, And for our HENRY, my last Obsequies.) That he, which did your Sonnes late death obscure, Might be the Meane to make his fame endure: But, this may but renew your former woe: Indeed and I might well have doubted fo, Had not I knowne, that Vertue, which did place you Aboue the common fort did also grace you; With gifts of Minde, to make you more excell, And farre more able, Passions rage to quell. You can, and may with moderation moane, For all your comfort is not lost with one: Children you have, whose Vertues may renew The comfort of decaying Hopes in you. Praised be nod, for such great blessings giving, And happy you, to have fuch comforts living. Nor doe I thinke it can be rightly sed, You are vnhappy in this One that's dead: For notwithstanding his first Anagram Frights, with *Behold, now cold, and vile I am: Yet in his last, he seemes more cheerefull farre, And ioyes, with *Soft, mourne not, I am a Starre. * The Eng-Oh great preferment: what could he aspire lish of this Anagram. That was more high, or you could more defire? Well, since his soule in heau'n such glory hath,

Here

My Loue bequeathes his Graue, this Epitaph.

Dedicatorie.

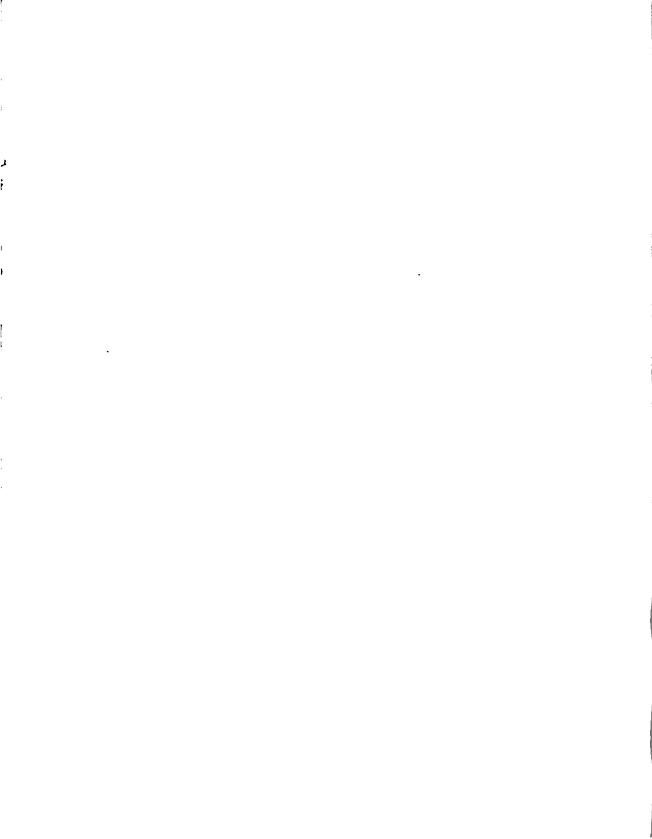
EPITAPH.

Heere vnder lies a SIDNEY: And what than? Dooft thinke heere lies but reliques of a man? Know; 'tis a Cabanet did once include Wit, Beauty, Sweetnes, Court'fie, Fortitude.

So let him rest, to Memory still deare,
Till his Redeemer in the Clowdes appeare.
Meane while; accept his Will, who meaning plaine,
Doth neither write for Praise, nor hope of Gaine:
And now your Teares, and private Griese, forbeare,
To turne vnto our Great and Publique Care.

Your Honours true honorer, George Wither.

Aa3



To the whole world in generall, and more particularly to the Iles of great *Britaine* and *Ireland*, &c.

DIg-fwolne with fighes, and almost drown'd in teares DMy Muse out of a dying trance vp-reares; Who yet not able to express her moanes, (Insteed of better vtterance) here, groanes. And left my close-breast should her health impaire, Is thus amongst you come to take the ayre. I need not name the griefes that on her seaze, Th'are known by this, beyond th'Antipodes. But to your view fome heavy rounds she brings, That you may beare the burthen, when she sings: And that's but Woe: which you so high should straine, That heavens high vault might Eccho't backe againe. Then, though I have not strived to seeme witty, Yet read, and reading note, and noting pitty. What though there's others, show in this more Art? I have as true; as forrowfull a heart: What though Opinion give me not a Name, And I was ne're beholding yet to Fame? Fate would (perhaps) my Muse, as yet vnknowne, Should first in Sorrowes livery be showne. Then, be the witnesse of my discontent, And fee, if griefes have made me Eloquent: For here I mourne, for your-our publique losse; And doe my pennance, at the Weeping Croffe.

The most forrowfull, G. W.



Death (that by stealth did wound Prince H. hart)
Is now tane Captiue, and doth act the part
Of one o'recome, by being too too fierce,
And lies himselfe dead under Henries hearse:
He therefore now in heauenly tunes doth Sing,
Hell, where's thy triumph? Death where is thy Sting?





PRINCE HENRIES Obsequies;

OR

Mournefull Elegies vpon his death:

With

A supposed Inter-locution betweene the Ghost of Prince *Henry*, and Great *Britaine*.

Eleg. 1.

Ow that beloued Henries glasse is runne,
And others duties to his body showne;
Now, that his sad-sad Obsequies be done,
And publique forrowes well-nigh ouer-blowne:
Now giue me leaue to leaue all Ioyes at one,
For a dull Melancholy lonelinesse;
To pine my selse with a selse-pining mone,
And fat my griese with solitarinesse
For, if it be a comfort in distresse,
(As some thinke) to haue sharers in our woes,
Then my desire is to be comfortlesse.
(My Soule in publique griese no pleasure knowes.)
Yea, I could wish, and for that wish would die,
That there were none had cause to grieue but I.

For

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 2.

For were there none had cause to grieue but I, 'Twould from my Sorrowes, many sorrowes take; And I should moane but for one misery, Where now for thousands, my poore heart doth ake. Bide from me Ioy then, that oft from me bid'st, Be present Care, that often present art; Hide from me Comfort, that at all times hid'st, For I will greeue; with a true-greeuing heart. Ile glut my selse with sorrow for the nonce, What though my Reason would the same gaine-say? Oh beare with my vnbridled Passion once, I hope it shall not much from vertue stray, Sith griese for such a losse, at such a season, Past measure may be, but not out of Reason.

Eleg. 3.

What need I for th'infernall Furies hallo?
Call vpon darknesse, and the lonely night?
Or summon vp Minerua, or Apollo,
To helpe me dolefull Elegies endite?
Heere wants no mention of the seares of Stix,
Of blacke Cocitus, or such fained stuffe:
Those may paint out their grieses with forced tricks,
That haue not in them reall cause enough;
I need it not; yet for no private Crosse,
Droopes my sad soule, nor doe I mourne for fashion,
For why? a generall, a publique losse,
In me hath kindled a right wosull Passion.

Then (oh alas) what need hath he to borrow, That's pinch't already with a feeling forrow?

First

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 4.

First, for thy losse, poore world-divided Ile,
My eyes pay grieses drink-offering of teares:
And I set-by all other thoughts a while,
To seede my minde the better on my cares.
I saw, how happy thou wert but of late
In thy sweet Henries hopes, yea I saw too,
How thou didst glory in thy blessed state:
Which thou indeed hadst cause enough to doe.
But, when I saw thee place all thy delight
Vpon his worth; and then, when thou didst place it,
(And thy loy almost mounted to her height)
His haplesse end so suddainely desace it;
Me thought, I selt it goe so neere my heart,
Mine ak't to, with a sympathizing smart.

Eleg. 5.

For thee great Iames, my springs of sorrow runne,
For thee my Muse a heavy song doth sing;
That hast lost more in losing of thy Sonne,
Then they that lose the title of a King.
Needs must the paines that doe disturbe the head
Disease the body throughout every part;
I therefore, should have seem'd a member dead,
If I had had no feeling of this smart;
But oh I grieve: and yet I grieve the lesse,
Thy Kingly gift so well prevail'd to make him
Fit for a Crowne of endlesse happinesse;
And that it was th'Almighties hand, did take him,
Who was himselse, a booke for Kings to pore on:
And might have bin thy BAZIAIKON AGPON.

For

Eleg. 6.

For our faire Queene, my griefe is no lesse mouing, There's none could ere more justly boast of childe: For he was every way most nobly louing, Most full of manfull courage, and yet milde. Me thinks I fee what heavy discontent Be-clouds her brow, and ouer-shades her eyne: Yea, I doe feele her louing heart lament, An earnest thought conveyes the griefe to mine. I fee she notes the sadnesse of the Court, Thinks how that heere, or there she saw him last: Remembers his fweet speech, his gracefull sport, And fuch like things to make her Passion last. But what meane I? Let griefe my speeches smother,

No tongue can tell the forrowes of the Mother.

Eleg. 7.

Nor thine fweet *Charles*, nor thine *Elizabeth*, Though one of you have gain'd a Princedome by't: The griefe he hath to haue it by the death Of his fole brother, makes his heart deny't, Yet let not Sorrowes blacke obscuring clowd Ouite couer and eclipse all comforts light: Though one faire Star aboue our height doth shrowd, Let not the Earth be left in darknes quite. Thou Charles art now our Hope, God grant it be More certaine than our last; wee trust it will: Yet we shall have a louing feare of thee; The burned childe the fire much dreadeth still. But God loues his; and what ere forrowes threat, I, one day, hope to fee him Charles the Great.

Then

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 8.

Then droop not Charles to make our griefes the more; God that to scourge vs, tooke away thy brother.

To comfort vs againe, kept thee in store:
And now I thinke on't Fate could doe no other.

Thy Father both a Sunne, and Phænix is,
Prince Henry was a Sunne and Phænix too,
And if his Orbe had beene as high as his,
His beames had shone as bright's his sathers doo.

Nature saw this and tooke him quite away,
And now dost thou to be a Phænix trie;
Well, so thou shalt (no doubt) another day,
But then thy sather (Charles) or thou must die.

For 'twas decreed when first the world begun,
Earth should have but one Phænix, heav'n one Sun.

Eleg. 9.

But shall I not be-moane the sad Elector?

Yes Fredericke, I needs must grieue for thee:
Thou wooest with woe now, but our best protector
Giues ioyfull ends where hard beginnings be.
Had we no showes to welcome thee to Court,
No solemne sight but a sad Funerall?
Is all our former Masking and our sport,
Transform'd to sighes? are all things tragicall?
Had'st thou beene here at Summer, or at Spring,
Thou shouldst not then haue seene vs drooping thus,
But now tis Autumne, that spoiles eu'ry thing:
Vulgarly term'd the Fall oth' lease, with vs.
And not amisse; for well may't be the Fall,
That brings down blossoms, Fruit, leaues, tree & all,

Eleg. 10.

Then, Stranger Prince, if thou neglected feeme,
And hast not entertainement to thy State:
Our loues yet doe not therefore missessesses;
But lay the fault vpon vnhappy Fate.
Thou sound'st vs glad of thy arrivall here,
And saw'st him, whom we lou'd (poore wretched Elues;)
Say: didst thou ere of one more worthy heare?
No, no, and therefore now we hate our selues.
We being then of such a gem berest,
Beare with our passions; and since one is gone,
And thou must have the halfe of what is lest;
Oh thinke on vs for good, when you are gone,
And as thou now dost beare one halfe of's name;
Helpe beare our griese, and share thou all his same.

Eleg. 11.

See, see, faire Princesse, I but nam'd thee yet,
Meaning thy woes within my breast to smother:
But on my thoughts they doe so lively beat,
As if I heard thee sighing, Oh my Brother:
Me thinkes I heard thee calling on his name,
With plaining on his too-vngentle Fate:
And sure, the Sisters were well worthie blame,
To shew such spite to one that none did hate.
I know thou sometime musest on his sace,
(Faire as a womans; but more manly-saire;)
Sometime vpon his shape, his speech, and pase,
A thousand waies thy grieses themselves repaire.
And oh! no maruell, since your sure-pure loves
Were neerer, dearer, than the Turtle Doues.

How

Eleg. 12.

How often, oh how often did he vow To grace thy ioyfull lookt-for Nuptialls: But oh how wofull, oh how wofull now Will they be made through these sad Funeralls! All pleasing parlies that betwixt you two, Publicke, or private, have exchanged beene, All thou hast heard him promise for to doe, Or by him in his life performed feene, Calls on remembrance: the fweet name of Sifter So oft pronounc't by him feemes to take place, Of Queene and Empresse, now my thoughts do whisper, Those titles one day shall thy vertues grace. If I speake true, for his sweet sake that's dead.

Seeke how to raife deiected Britaines head.

Eleg. 13.

Seeke how to raise deiected Britaines head, So she shall study how to raise vp thine, And now leave off thy teares in vaine to shed, For why? to spare them I have powr'd out mine. Pittie thy felfe, and vs, and mournefull Rhine, That hides his faire banke vnder flouds of griefe, Thy Prince, thy Duke, thy braue Count Palatine: Tis time his forrowes should have some reliefe. Hee's come to be another brother to thee. And helpe thy father to another fonne: He vowes thee all the feruice loue can doe thee; And though acquaintance hath with griefe begunne, Tis but to make you have the better tast Of that true bliffe you shall enjoy at last.

Thy

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 14.

Thy brother's well and would not change estates, With any Prince that raignes beneath the Skie: No not with all the worlds great Potentates, His plumes haue borne him to Eternitie.

Saturne rul'd in the houre of his death.

He raignes o're Saturne now, that raign'd o're him; He feares no Planets dangerous afpect:
But doth aboue their constellations clime,
And earthly ioyes, and forrowes both neglect.
We saw he had his Spring amongst vs here,
He saw his Summer, but he skipt it ouer:
And Autumne now hath tane away our deare,
The reason's this, which we may plaine discouer,
He shall escape, (for so the Almighty wils)
The stormy Winter of ensuing ils.

Eleg. 15.

I grieue to see the wosull face oth' Court,
And for each grieued member of the land;
I grieue for those that make these grieses their sport,
And cannot their owne euill vnderstand.
I also grieue, to see how vices swarme,
And Vertue as despis'd, grow out of date:
How they receiue most hurt, that doe least harme,
And how poore honest Truth incurreth hate.
But more, much more, I grieue that we doe misse
The ioy we lately had; and that he's gone,
Whose liuing presence might haue helpt all this:
His euerlasting Absence makes me mone,

Yea most I grieue, that *Britaines* hope is fled, And that her darling, braue Prince *Henrie*'s dead.

Prince

Eleg. 16.

Prince Henrie dead! what voyce is that we heare?

Am I awake, or dreame I, tell me whether?

If this be true; if this be true, my deare,

Why doe I ftay behinde thee to doe either?

Alas my Fate compels me, I must bide

To share the mischieses of this present age,

I am ordain'd to liue till I haue tride

The very worst and vtmost of their rage:

But then why morne I not to open view,

In sable robes according to the Rites?

Why is my hat, without a branch of yeugh?

Alas my minde, no complement delights,

Because my griese that Ceremonie lothes,

Had rather be in heart, than seeme in clothes.

Eleg. 17.

Thrife happy had I been, if I had kept
Within the circuit of fome little Village,
In ignorance of Courts and Princes slept,
Manuring of an honest halfe-plough tillage:
Or else I would I were as young agen,
As when Elisa our last Phanix dy'd:
My childish yeares had not conceiued then,
What 'twas to lose a Prince so digniss'd.
But now I know: and what now doth't auaile?
Alas, whilst others merry, seele no paine,
I melancholly, sit alone and waile:
Thus sweetest profit, yeelds the bitterst gaine.
By disobedience we did knowledge get,
And, forrow, euer since hath followed it,

When

Bb

Eleg. 18.

When as the first sad rumour fill'd my eare
Of Henries sickenesse; an amazing terror
Strucke through my body, with a shuddring seare,
Which I expounded but my frailties error.
For though a quick-missoubting of the worst,
Seem'd to fore-tell my soule, what would ensue:
God will forbid, thought I, that such a curst
Or ill-presaging thought, should fall out true:
It cannot sinke into imagination,
That He, whose suture glories we may see
To be at least all Europes expectation,
Should in the prime of age despoiled be;
For if a hope so likely nought auaile vs,

It is no wonder if all other faile vs.

Eleg. 19.

Againe, when one had forc't vnto my eare,

My Prince was dead; although he much protested,
I could not with beliefe his sad newes heare:
But would haue sworne, and sworne againe, he iested.
At such a word, me thought the towne should sinke,
The earth should downe vnto the Center cleaue,
Deuouring all in her hell-gaping chinke,
And not so much as Sea or Iland leaue.
Some Comet, or some monstrous blazing-Starre,
Should haue appear'd; or, some strange prodigie,
Death might haue shown't vs though't had bin assure,
That he entended some such tyranny.

But God (it feemeth) did thereof dislike, To shew that he will on a sudden strike.

Thus

Eleg. 20.

Thus vnbeleeuing, I did oft enquire

Of one, of two, of three, and so of many:

And still I heard what I did least desire,

Yet grounded Hope, would give no faith to any.

Then at the last my heart began to seare,

But as I credence to my seares was giving

A voyce of comfort I began to heare:

Which to my fruitlesse Ioy said Henrie's living;

At that same word, my Hope that was forsaking

My heart, and yeelding wholly to despaire;

Revived straight, and better courage taking,

Her crazed parts, so strongly did repaire.

I thought the would have held it out that we income.

I thought she would have held it out; but vaine; For oh, ere long, she lost it quite againe.

Eleg. 21.

But now my tongue can neuer make relation,
What I sustain'd in my last soughten field;
My mind assailed with a three-fold passion,
Hope, Feare, Despaire, could vnto neither yeeld.
Feare willed me, to view the skies blacke colour,
Hope said; Vpon his hopefull vertues looke:
Despaire shew'd me an vniuersall dolour,
Yet fruitlesse Doubt, my hearts possession tooke:
But when I saw the Hearse, then I beleeu'd,
And then my forrow was at full, alas,
Beside, to show I had not causelesse grieu'd,
I was enform'd that he embowell'd was.
And 'twas subscrib'd: they sound he had no gall

And 'twas fubscrib'd; they found he had no gall, Which I belieu'd: for he was sweetnesse all.

B b 2

Oh

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 22.

Oh cruell and infatiable Death!

Would none fuffice, would none fuffice but he?

What pleafure was it more to stop his breath,

Than to haue choakt, or kill'd, or poyson'd me?

My life for his, with thrice three millions more,

We would haue giuen as a ransome to thee,

But since thou in his losse hast made vs poore,

Foule Tyrant, it shall neuer honour doe thee:

For thou hast showne thy selfe a spightfull stend,

Yea Death thou didst enuy his happy state,

And therefore thought'st to bring it to an end;

But see, see whereto God hath turn'd thy hate.

Thou meant'st to marre the blisse he had before: And by thy spight, hast made it ten-times more.

Eleg. 23.

'Tis true I know, Death with an equall spurne,
The lofty Turret, and low Cottage beats:
And takes imperially each, in his turne,
Yea though he bribes, prayes, promises, or threats.
Nor Man, Beast, Plant, nor Sexe, Age nor degree
Preuailes against his dead-sure striking hand:
For then, ere we would thus dispoyled be,
All these conioyn'd his sury should withstand.
But oh! vnseene he strikes at vnaware,
Disguised like a murthering Iesuite:
Friends cannot stop him that in presence are;
And which is worse, when he hath done his spite,
He carries him, so farre away from hence,

Nor

None liues, that hath the powre to fetch him thence.

Eleg. 24.

Nor would we now, because we doe beleeue
His God (to whom indeed he did belong)
To crowne him, where he hath no cause to greeue,
Tooke him from death, that sought to doe him wrong.
But were this deare, beloued, Prince of ours
Liuing in any corner of this All,
Though kept by Romes and Mahomets chiefe powers;
They should not long detaine him there in thrall:
We would rake Europe rather, plaine the East;
Dispeople the whole Earth before the Doome:
Stampe halse to powder, and sier all the rest;
No crast, nor sorce, should him deuide vs from:
We would breake downe what ere should him consine,
Though 'twere the Alpes, or hilles of Appenine.

Eleg. 25.

But what? shall we goe now dispute with God,
And in our hearts vpbraide him that's so iust?
Let's pray him rather, to withdraw his rod,
Lest in his wrath he bruise vs vnto dust.
Why should we lay his death to Fate, or times?
I know there hath no second causes bin,
But our loud crying and abhorred crimes,
Nay, I can name the chiefest murth'ring sin:
And this it was, how-ere it hath beene hid,
Trust not (saith David) trust not to a Prince;
Yet we hop't lesse, in God (I seare we did)
In icalousie he therefore tooke him hence.
Thus we abuse good things, and through our blinds.

Thus we abuse good things, and through our blindnes Haue hurt our felues, & kild our Prince with kindnes.

Bb 3

Le

Eleg. 26.

Let all the world come and bewayle our lot, Come Europe, Afia, Affrica, come all: Mourne English, Irish, Brittish, and mourne Scot, For his, (no I mistake it) for our fall. The prop of Vertue, and mankinds delight, Hath fled the earth, and quite forfaken vs: We had but of his excellence a fight, To make our longings like to Tantalus. What feeke you in a man that he enjoy'd not? Wert't either gift of body or of spirit: Nay, which is more, what had he, he imploy'd not To helpe his Countrey, and her loue to merit? But fee what high preferment Vertues bring,

He's of a feruant now become a King.

Eleg. 27.

But foft, I meane not heare to blaze his praife, It is a worke too mighty, and requires Many a Pen, and many yeeres of dayes: My humble quill to no fuch taske aspires, Onely I mourne, with deep-deep-fighing grones, Yet could I wish the other might be done; Though all the Muses were imploy'd at once, And write as long as Helicon would runne; But oh, I feare the Spring's already dry, Or elfe why flags my lazie Muse so lowe? Why vent I fuch dull-sprighted Poefy? Surely 'tis funke; I lye, it is not fo:

For how ift likely that should want supplies, When all we feed it with our weeping eyes?

May

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 28.

May not I liken London now to Troy,
As she was that same day she lost her Hector?
When proud Achilles spoyl'd her of her ioy
(And triumph't on her losses) being Victor?
May not I liken Henry to that Greeke,
That having a whole world vnto his share,
Intended other worlds to goe and seeke?
Oh no; I may not, they vnworthy are.
Say, whereto England, whereto then shall I
Compare that sweet departed Prince, and thee?
That noble King bewail'd by Ieremy,
Of thee, (great Prince,) shall the example be.
And in our mourning we will equal them,
Of woefull Iuda and Ierusalem.

Eleg. 29.

You that beheld it, when the mournfull traine
Past by the wall of his forsaken Parke,
Did not the very Groue seeme to complaine,
With a still murmure, and to looke more darke?
Did not those pleasant walkes (oh pleasing then
Whilst there he (healthfull) vsed to resort)
Looke like the shades of Death, neere some soule den?
And that place there, where once he kept his Court,
Did it not at his parting seeme to sinke?
And all forsake it like a Caue of sprights?
Did not the Earth beneath his Chariot shrinke,
As grieued for the losse of our delights?
Yea his dumb Steed, that erst for none would tarry,
Pac'd flow, as if he scarce himselfe could carry.

Bb 4

But

Eleg. 30.

But oh! when it approach't th'impaled Court, Where Mars himselse enui'd his suture glory, And whither he in armes did oft resort, My heart conceiued a right tragicke story. Whither great Prince, oh whither dost thou goe? (Me thought the very place thus seem'd to say) Why in blacke roabes art thou attended so? Doe not (oh doe not) make such haste away. But art thou Captiue, and in triumph too? Oh me! and worse too, liuelesse, breathlesse, dead. How could the Monster-Death this mischiese doe? Surely the coward tooke thee in thy bed.

For whilst that thou art arm'd within my list, He dar'd not meet thee, like a Martialist.

Eleg. 31.

Alas, who now shall grace my turnaments:
Or honour me with deeds of Chiualry?
What shall become of all my merriments,
My Ceremonies, showes of Heraldry
And other Rites? who? who shall now adorne
Thy Sisters Nuptials with so sweet a presence?
Wilt thou forsake vs, leaue vs quite forlorne,
And of all ioy at once make a deseasance?
Was this the time pickt out by Destiny?
Farewell deare Prince then, sith thou wilt be gone,
In spight of Death goe liue eternally,
Exempt from sorrow, whilst we mortals mone:
But this ill hap instruct me shall to seare
When we are ioysull'st, there's most sorrow neare.

Then

Eleg. 32.

Then, as he past along you might espye
How the grieu'd Vulgar that shed many a teare,
Cast after, an vnwilling parting eye,
As loth to lose the sight they held so deare;
When they had lost the sigure of his face,
Then they beheld his roabes; his Chariot then,
Which being hid, their looke aym'd at the place,
Still longing to behold him once agen:
But when he was quite past, and they could finde
No obiect to employ their sight vpon,
Sorrow became more busie with the minde,
And drew an Armie of sad passions on;
Which made them so particularly mone,
Each amongst thousands seem'd as if alone.

Eleg. 33.

And well might we of weakest substance melt, With tender passion for his timelesse end, Sith (as it seem'd) the purer bodies selt Some griese, for this their sweet departed sriend; The Sunne wrapt vp in clowds of mournesull blacke, Frown'd as displeas'd with such a hainous deed, And would haue staid, or turn'd his horses backe, If Nature had not forte't him on with speed: Yea, and the Heauens wept a pearly dewe, Like very teares, not so as if it rain'd. His Grand-sires tombes, as if the stones did rue Our wofull losses; were with moysture stain'd:

Yea, either 'twas my easie mind's beliese; Or all things were disposed vnto griese.

Blacke

Eleg. 34.

Blacke was White-hall. The windowes that did shine, And double-glazed were with beauties bright, Which Sun-like erst did dim the gazers eyne, As if that from within them came the light. Those to my thinking seemed nothing faire, And were obscur'd with woe, as they had been Hung all with facke, or fable-cloth of haire, Griefe was without, and so 'tappear'd within. Great was the multitude, yet quiet tho As if they were attentiue vnto forrow: The very winds did then forbeare to blow, The Time, of flight, her stilnesse seem' to borrow. Yea, all the troope pac't flowe, as loth to rend

The earth that should embrace their Lord & friend.

Eleg. 35.

Me thought ere-while I saw Prince Henries Armes Aduanc't aboue the Capitoll of Rome, And his keene blade, in spight of steele or charmes, Giue many mighty enemies their doome; Yea I had many Hopes, but now I fee They are ordain'd to be anothers taske: Yet of the Stewards line a branch shall be T' aduance beyond the Alpes his plumed Caske; Then I perhaps, that now tune dolefull layes, Amongst their zealous triumphs may presume To fing at least some petty Captaines praise: Meane-while I will fome other worke affume. Or rather, fith my hope-fulft Patron's dead,

Goe to some Desert, and there hide my head.

Had

Eleg. 36.

Had he beene but my Prince and wanted all Those ornaments of Vertue that so grac't him, My loue and life had both beene at his call, For that his *Fortune* had aboue vs plac'd him: But his rare hopefulnesse, his flying Fame, His knowledge, and his honest policie, His courage much admir'd, his very name, His publicke loue, and private curtesie: Ioyn'd with religious firmenesse, might have mou'd Pale *Enuy* to have prais'd him, and fure he, Had he beene of meane birth; had bin belou'd; For trust me, his sweet parts so rauish't me. That (if I erre, yet pardon me therefore) I lou'd him as my Prince: as Henry more.

Eleg. 37.

Me thought his Royall person did fore-tell A Kingly statelines, from all pride cleare: His looke maiesticke seemed to compell All men to loue him, rather than to feare. And yet though he were eu'ry good mans ioy, And the alonely comfort of his owne, His very name with terror did annoy His foraine foes fo farre as he was knowne. Hell droopt for feare, the turkie Moone look't pale, Spaine trembled, and the most tempestuous sea (Where Behemoth the Babylonish Whale, Keeps all his bloody and imperious plea) Was fwolne with rage, for feare he'd stop the tide, Of her ore-daring and infulting pride.

For

Eleg. 38.

For amongst divers Vertues rare to finde,
Though many I observed, I markt none more
Than in Religion his firme constant minde;
Which I set deepe vpon Remembrance score.
And that made Romists for his fortunes sorry:
When therefore they shall heare of this ill hap,
Those Mints of mischieses will extreamely glory,
That he is caught by him whom none shall scape,
Yet boast not Babel, thou insults in vaine,
Thou hast not yet obtain'd the victory;
We have a Prince still, and our King doth raigne,
So shall his seed, and their posterity.

For know: God that loves his & their good tenders

For know; God that loues his, & their good tenders, Will neuer leave his faith, without defenders.

Eleg. 39.

Amidst our sacred sports that very season,
Whilst for our Country and beloued Iames,
Preserved from that hell-bred Powder-treason,
We rung and sung with showtes, and ioysull slames:
Me thought vpon the sodaine I espy'd
Romes damned siends, an anticke dance begin:
The Furies led it that our blesse enuy'd,
And at our rites the hel-hounds seem'd to grin.
How now thought I / more plots / & with that thought
Prince Henry; dead, I plainely heard one cry:
O Lord (quoth I) now they have that they sought,
Yet let not our gladst-day, our sadst-day die.
God seem'd to heare, for he to ease our sorrow,

But

Reuiu'd that day, to die againe the morrow.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 40.

But Britaine, Britaine, tell me, tell me this,
What was the reason thy chiefe curse besell
So iust vpon the time of thy chiefe blisse?
Dost thou not know it? heare me then, Ile tell:
Thou wert not halse halse-thankfull for his care
And mercy that so well preserved thee;
His owne, he neuer did so often spare:
Yea he thy Lord himselse hath served thee,
Yet Laodicia thou, nor hot nor cold,
Secure, and carelesse dost not yet repent,
Thou wilt be euer ouer-daring bold,
Till thou hast vengeance, vpon vengeance hent.
But (oh) see how Hypocrisse doth raigne:
I villaine, that am worst doe first complaine.

Eleg. 41.

A foule consuming Pestilence did waste,
And lately spoyld thee England to thy terror;
But now alas, a greater plague thou hast,
Because in time thou couldst not see thy error:
Hard Frosts thy fields and gardens have deflowed,
Hot Summers hath thy fruits Consumption bin,
Fire many places of thee hath devoured,
And all fore-warnings to repent thy sin.
Yet still thou didst defer't and carelesse sleepe,
Which heav'n perceiving with black clouds did frowne,
And into flouds for very anger weepe,
Yea the salt Sea, a part of thee did drowne.
She drown'd a part (but oh that part was small)
Now teares more salt, have over-whelm'd vs all.

Say

Eleg. 42.

Say why was Henries Herse so glorious?
And his sad Funerall so full of state?
Why went he to his Tombe as one victorious:
Seeming as blith as when he liu'd of late?
What needed all that Ceremonious show?
And that dead-liuing Image which they bare?
Could not Remembrance make vs smart enough,
Vnlesse we did afresh renew it there?
What was it, but some anticke curious rite,
Onely to feed the vaine beholders eyes,
To make men in their sorrowes more delight,
Or may we rather on it moralize?

Yes, yes, it shew'd that though he wanted breath, Yet he should ride in triumph ouer death.

Eleg. 43.

How welcome now would our deare *Henry* be,
After these grieses were he no more than straid,
And thus deem'd dead? but sie! what *Fantasie*Feedes my vaine thought on? *Fate* hath that denay'd.
But since hee's gone, we now can call to minde,
His latest words, and whereto they did tend:
Yea, now our blunt capacities can finde,
They plainely did prognosticate his end.
Beside, we finde our *Prophecies* of old,
And would perswade our selues 'twas knowne of yore
By skilfull Wizards; and by them fore-told,
But then why found we not so much before?
Oh marke this euer, we ne're know our state,
Nor see our losse before it be too late.

From

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 44.

From passion thus, to passion could I runne,
Till I had ouer-runne a world of words,
My Muse might she be heard would ne're haue done
The subject, matter infinite affords,
But ther's a meane in all; with too much greeuing
We must not of Gods prouidence despaire
Like cursed Pagans, or men vnbeleeuing.
Tis true, the Hopes that we haue lost were faire:
But we beheld him with an outward eye,
And though he in our sight most worthie seem'd,
Yet God saw more, whose secrets none can spye,
And findes another whom we lesse esteem'd:
So Iesse eldest Sonnes had most renowne,
But little Dauid did obtaine the Crowne.

Eleg. 45.

Let vs our trust alone in God repose,
Since Princes faile; and maugre Turke or Pope,
He will prouide one that shall quaile our foes,
We saw he did it, when we had lesse hope:
Let's place our Ioyes in him and weepe for sin,
Yea, let's in time amend it, and sore-see,
(If losse of earthly Hope hath grieuous been)
How great the losse of heau'ns true Ioyes may be:
This if we doe, God will stretch forth his hand,
To stop those plagues he did intend to bring,
And poure such blessings on this mournefull Land,
We shall for 1 O, Halleluiah sing:

And our deare *Iames*, if we herein perseuer, Shall haue a *Sonne* to grace his Throne for euer.

An



AN EPITAPH VPON THE

most Hopefull and All-vertuous *Henry*, Prince of *Wales*.

S Tay Traueiler, and read; did'ft neuer heare In all thy iourneyes any newes or tales Of him whom our divided world esteem'd so deare, And named Henrie, the brave Prince of Wales.

Looke here within this little place he lies, Eu'n he that was the Vniuerfall Hope: And almost made this Ile Idolatrize, See, hee's contented with a little scope.

Canutus. And as the Dane that on Southampton strand,

His Courtiers idle flatteries did chide,

(Who tearm'd him both the God of sea and land)

By shewing he could not command the Tide;

So this, to mocke vaine Hopes, in him began Dy'd; and here lies, to shew he was a man.

Α



A Supposed Inter-locution betweene the Spirit of Prince Henry and Great Britaine.

Br. A Wake braue Prince, thou dost thy Country wrong Shake off thy slumber, thou hast slept too long, Open thy eye-lids, and raise vp thy head, Thy Countrey and thy Friends suppose thee dead. Looke vp, looke vp, the dayes are growne more short, Thy Officers prepare to leaue thy Court. The staines of Sorrow are in euery face, And Charles is call'd vpon to take thy Place. Awake I say in time, and wake the rather, Least Melancholy hurt thy Royall Father. Thy weeping Mother wailes and wrings her hands, Thy Brother and thy Sister mourning stands; The want of that sweet company of thine, Inly torments the louing Prince of Rhine.

The Beauties of the Court are sullied ore,

They feeme not cheerefull as they did before. The heavy *Clergie*, in their Pulpits mourne, And thy *Attendants* looke like men forlorne.

Сс

Once

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Once more (I fay) fweet Prince, once more, arife, See how the teares have drown'd my watry eyes, All my fweet tunes and former fignes of gladnes Are turn'd to *Elegies* and Songs of fadnes. The Trumpet with harsh notes the ayre doth wound And Dump is all the cheerefull Drum can found. Through Wales a dolefull Elegy now rings, And heavy Songs of forrow each man fings: Destressed Ireland to, as sad as we Cryes loud, Oh hone, oh hone, for want of thee. But more Romes Locusts doe begin to swarme, And their attempts with stronger *Hopes* they arme, For taking hold of this thy *Trans-mutation*, They plot, againe a damned toleration. Yea Hell to double this our forrowes weight, Is new contriuing of old Eighty-eight. Come then and stand against it to defend vs. Or elfe their guile, their plots, or force, will end vs. This last-last time, sweet *Prince* I bid thee rise, Great Britanns droup already: each man flies, And if thou faue vs not from our great foes, They quickly will effect our ouer-throwes. Oh yet he moues not vp his liuing head, And now I feare indeed he's dead. Spi. He's dead. Brit. What voyce was that, which from the valted roofe, Of my last words did make so plaine a proofe? What was it feem'd to speake aboue me so, And fayes he's dead? wast Eccho, yea or no? Spi. No. Brit. What is it some dispos'd to flout my mone? Appeare: Hast thou a body, or hast none? Spi. none. Brit.

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Prince Henries Obsequies.

Brit. Sure some illusion, oh what art? come hither My Princes Ghost, or siend, or neither. Spi. Neither. Brit. Indeed his Ghost in heaven rests I know, Art thou some Angel for him, is it so? Spi. So. Brit. Doe not my Reall griefes with visions feed, In earnest speake, art so indeed? Spi. Indeed. Brit. What power sent thee now into my Coast, Was it my Darling Henrie's Ghost? Spi. 's Ghost. Brit. Th'art welcome then, thy presence gratefull is: But tell me liues he happily in bliffe: Spi. y's. Brit. If so much of thee may be vnderstood, Is the intent of this thy comming good? Spi. Good. Brit. Say, hath he there the Fame that here he had, Or doth the place vnto his glory adde? Spi. Adde. Brit. May I demand what thy good errants be? To whom is that he told to thee? Sp. To thee. Brit. Oh doth he minde me yet, fweet Spirit say, What is thy message? Ile obey: Spi. Obey. Brit. I will not to my power one tittle misse, Doe but command, and fay, doe this: Spi. Doe this. Brit. But stay, it seemes that thou hast made thy choyse, To speake with *Eccho's* most vnpersect voyce: In plainer wife declare why thou art fent, That I may heare with more content: Spi. Content.

C c 2

The

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The Spirit leaves his Eccho and speakes on.

Spi. Then here me Britaine, heare me and beleeue
Thy Henries there now where he cannot grieue. He is not subject to the flye inuation Of any humane, or corrupted Passion. For then; (although he forrow now forbeares) He would have wept himselfe, to see thy teares. But he (as good Saints are) of ioyes partaker, Is igalous of the glory of his Maker: And though the Saints of Rome may take it to them, (Much helpe to their damnation it will doe them) He will not on his Masters right presume, Nor his fmal'st due vnto himselfe assume. And therefore Britaine in the name of God, And on the paine of his reuengefull rod; He here coniures thee in thy tribulation, To make to God alone thy inuocation: Who tooke him from thee, that but late was liuing, For too much trust, vnto his weakenes giuing, Yet call'st thou on thy Prince still; as if he, Could either Sauiour or Redeemer be:

Thou

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Thou tell'st him of the wicked Whore of Rome. As if that he were Iudge to giue her doome. But thou might'st see, were not thy sight so dim, Thou mak'st meane-while another Whore of him. For what ift for a Creatures ayde to cry, But spirits whoredome? (that's Idolatry.) Their most vnpleasing breaths that so invoke, The passage of th'Almighties mercies choke: And therefore if thy forrowes shall have end, To God thou must thy whole deuotions bend. Then will thy King that he leave off to mone, God hath tane His, yet left him more than one. And that he hath not so severely done, As when he crau'd the *Hebrewes* onely fonne; Because, beside this little blessed store. There's yet a possibility of more. Goe tell the Queene his mother that's lamenting, There is no cause of that her discontenting. And fay there is another in his place, Shall doe his louing Sifters nuptials grace. Enforme the Palatine, his Nimph of Thame Shall give his glorious Rhine a trebble Fame: But vnto Charles, to whom he leaves his place, Let this related be in any case. Tell him he may a full possession take Of what his Brother did fo late forfake; But bid him looke what to his place is due, And euery Vice in generall eschue: Let him confider why he was his Brother, And plac't aboue so many thousand other.

Cc 3

Great

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Prince Henries Obsequies.

Great honours have great burthens if y'are high, The stricter's your account, and the more nigh: Let him shunne flatterers at any hand, And euer firmely in Religion stand, Gird on his fword; call for th'Almighties might, Keepe a good conscience, fight the Lambes great fight: For when his Father shall surrender make, The Faiths protection he must vndertake. Then Charles take heed, for thou shalt heare a-far, Some cry, peace, peace, that have their hearts on war. Let Policie Religion obey, But let not Policie Religion sway: Shut from thy counfels fuch as haue profest The worship of that Antichristian beast. For howfoe're they dawb'd with colours trim, Their hands doe beare his marke, their heart's on him, And though they seeme to seeke the Commons Weale, 'Tis but the Monsters deadly wound to heale. Banish all Romish Statists, doe not sup Of that pyde-painted Drabs infectious Cup, Yea vie thy vtmost strength, and all thy power To featter them that would build Babels tower. Thou must sometime be judge of equity: And oft furuey e'ne thine owne family: That at thy Table none partaker be, That will not at Christ's boord partake with thee: The Lords great day is neer; tis neer at hand, Vnto thy combat fee thou brauely stand. For him that ouercomes, Christ keeps a Crowne, And the great'st conquest hath the great'st renowne.

Be

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Be mercifull, and yet in mercy iust: Chase from thy Court both wantonnesse and lust. Disguised fashions from the Land casheare, Women, may women, and men, men appeare. The wide-wide mouth of the blasphemer teares His passage vnto God, through all the Spheares, Prouoking him, to turne his peacefull word Into a bloudy double-edged fword: But cut his tongue, the clapper of damnation, He may fright others with his Vlulation. The Drunkard, and Adulterer, from whence Proceeds the cause of dearth and pestilence, Punish with losse of substance, and of limbe, He rather maimed vnto Heauen may climbe Then tumble whole to Hell, and by his fin, Endanger the whole state he liueth in. Downe, downe, with Pride, and ouerthrowe Ambition; Grace true Deuotion, root out superstition, Loue them that loue the Truth, and Vertue graces, Let Honesty, not Wealth, obtaine great places, Begin but fuch a courfe, and fo perfeuer, Thou shalt have love here, and true blisse for ever: Thus much for thy new Prince; now this to thee, Britaine; It shall thy charge and duty be, To tell him now what thou hast heard me say. And when foeuer he commands, obey: So if thou wilt in mind this counsell beare: Vnto thy state haue due regard and care, And without stay vnto amendment hie, Thou shalt be deare to those, to whom I flie.

Cc4

Brit.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Brit. Oh stay, and doe not leave me yet alone. Spi. My errand's at an end, I must be gone. Brit. Goe then, but let me aske one word before. Spi. My speech now failes, I may discourse no more. Brit. Yet let me craue thus much, if fo I may, By Eccho thou reply to what I fay. Spi. Say. Brit. First tell me, for his sake thou count'st most deare, Is Babels fall and Iacobs rising neare? Spi. Neare. Brit. Canst thou declare what day that worke shall end, Or rather must we yet attend? Spi. Attend. Brit. Some Land must yeeld a Prince that blow to strike, May I be that fame Land, or no, ift like? Spi. Like. Brit. Then therefore 'tis that Rome beares vs fuch spight: Is the not plotting now to wrong our right? Spi. right. Brit. But from her mischiefes and her hands impure, Canst thou our safe deliuerance assure? Spi. Sure. Brit. Then notwithstanding this late losse befell, And we fear'd much, I trust 'tis well. Spi. 'Tis well. Brit. Then flie thou to thy place, if this be true, Thou God be pras'd, and Griefes adue. Spi. Adue.

A



A Sonnet of Death, composed in Latine Rimes, and Paraphrastically translated into the fame kinde of verse; both, by the former Author.

H Eûs, heûs, Mors percutit, & importune, Quam nunquam præterit vllus impune. Abite Medici, non est sanabile Hoc vulnus Θανάτοῦ; sed incurabile.

Hark, hark, Death knocks vs vp, with importunitie, There's none shall euer make boast of impunitie. The Doctor toyles in vaine, mans life's not durable, No med'cine can preuaile, this wound's incurable.

Quid picti Dominûm prosunt fauores? Ficti quid Hominum iuuant amores? Nec mundi vanitas, nec Pompa Curiæ, Potest refistere Mortis iniuriæ.

What will the countenance of Lords, or Noble-men Or idle peoples loue, helpe or auaile thee then? Nor the worlds brauery, nor yet Court vanitie, Can stay this Monsters hand, foe to humanitie.

Non curat splendidum, nec Venerabile; Nec pectus candidum quamuis amabile;

Decumbunt

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Decumbunt Principes iniquo vulnere. Heu parcit nemini, quin strauit puluere.

He knowes no reuerence, nor cares for any state, Sweet beauties moue him not, though nere so delicate, Princes must stoope to him, he rides on martially, And spares not any man, but strikes impartially.

Mercede diuitis nil morat cupidi, Nec prece pauperis (fi orat) miseri, Et frustra fallere tentas ingenio, Surda Rhetorici Mors est eloquio.

The rich-mans money-bags are no perswasion, The beggers wofull cry, stirres vp no passion, Hee'l not beguiled be, by any fallacy, Nor yeeld to Rhetoricke, Wit, Art, nor Policy.

Aspectu pallida, vultu terribilis; Est tamen valida, Mors iunincibilis: Et suas tibias (nec est formalis) Vir omnis sequitur, si sit mortalis.

His look's both pale and wan, yet doth it terrifie, He masters any man (alas what remedy!) He's nothing curious which way the measures be, But all dance after him, that heare his melodie.

At oh! oh horrida, lætans necando, Ruit incognita; non scimus quando:

Et

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Prince Henries Obsequies.

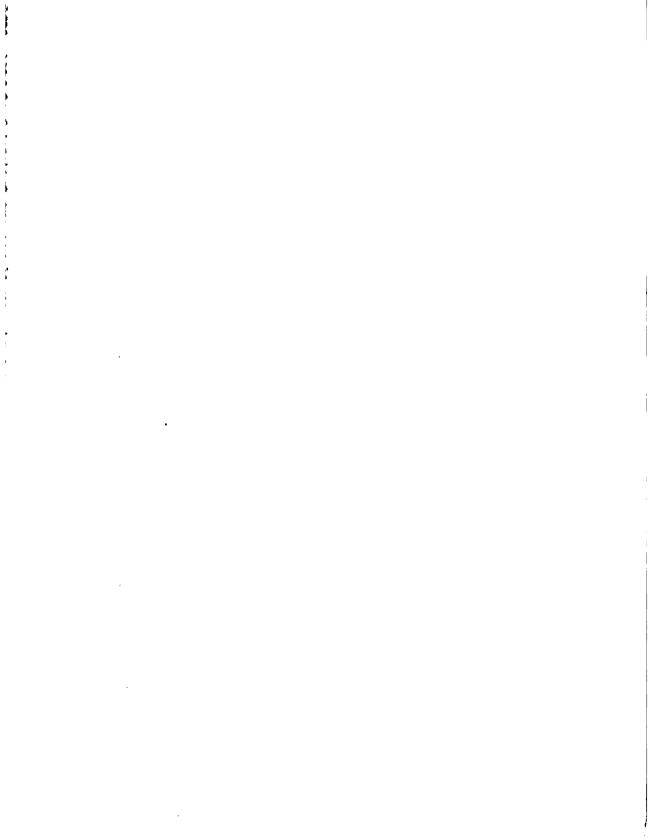
Et statim perditur hæc mundi gloria: Vita sic fragilis, sic transitoria.

But wo / of all the rest this seemes most terrible, He comes when we know least, and then inuisible, Then quite there endeth all worldly prosperitie, Such is this lifes estate, such his seueritie.

Ergo vos incolæ terrarum timidi, Este soliciti, vos, oh vos miseri! Sic (quamuis subita;) hæc è carnalibus, Reddet vos similes, dijs immortalibus.

Then oh you wretched men, fith this is euident, See you more carefull be, oh be more prouident, And when he takes this life, full of incertaintie; You shall liue euer-more, to all eternitie.

FINIS.



A

SATYRE,

Written to the KINGS most Excellent Maiestie,

BY

GEORGE WITHER,

When hee was Prisoner in the Marshallsey, for his first BOOKE.



LONDON:

Printed by T. S. for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls*-Church-yard, at the figne of the Greene *Dragon*, 1622.

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The Satyre to the

meere Courtiers.



Irs; I doe know your mindes; You looke for fees,

For more respect then needes, for caps and knees.

But be content, I have not for you now;
Nor will I have at all to doe with you.
For, though I feeme opprest, and you suppose
I must be faine to crouch to Vertues foes;
Yet know, your favours I doe sleight them more
In this distresse, then ere I did before.

Here

Here to my Liege a message I must tell; If you will let me passe, you shall doe well; If you denie admittance, why then know, I meane to have it where you will or no. Your formall wisedome which hath never beene In ought but in some fond invention seene, And you that thinke men borne to no intent, But to be train'd in Apish complement; Doth now (perhaps) suppose mee indiscreet, And such vnused messages vnmeet. But what of that? Shall I goe fute my matter Vnto your wits, that have but wit to flatter? Shall I, of your opinions so much prize To lose my will that you may thinke me wise, Who never yet to any liking had, Vnlesse he were a Knaue, a Foole, or mad? You Mushroms know, so much I weigh your powers, I neither value you, nor what is yours. Nay, though my croffes had me quite out-worne, Spirit enough I'de finde your spight to scorne: Of which resolu'd, to further my adventure, Vnto my King, without your leaves I enter.

To



To the Honest

Courtiers.



Vt You, whose onely worth doth colour give.

To Them, that they doe worthy feeme to live,

Kinde Gentlemen, your ayde I craue, to bring A Satyre to the presence of his King:

A show of rudenesse doth my fore-head arme, Yet you may trust him; he intends no harme. He that hath sent him, loyall is, and true, And one, whose love (I know) is much to you: But now, he lyes bound to a narrow scope; Almost beyond the Cape of all good Hope. Long hath he sought to free himselfe, but failes: And therefore seeing nothing else prevailes,

Me,

Me, to acquaint his Soueraigne, here he sends, As one despairing of all other friends. I doe presume that you will fauour shew him, Now that a Messenger from thence you know him. For many thousands that his face ne're knew, Blame his Accusers, and his Fortune rue: And by the helpe which your good word may doe, He hopes for pitty from his Soueraigne to. Then in his presence with your fauours grace him, And there's no Vice so great, shall dare out-face him.

To



To the Kings most Excellent MAIESTIE.

A SATYRE.

Quid tu, si pereo?

Hat once the *Poet* faid, I may anow, 'Tis a hard thing not to write Satyrs, now.

Since, what we speake (abuse raigns so in all) Spight of our hearts, will be Satyricall. Let it not therefore now be deemed strange, My vnfmooth'd lines their rudenesse do not change: Nor be distastefull to my gracious King, That in the Cage, my old harsh notes I sing: And rudely, make a Satyre here vnfold, What others would in neater tearmes have told. And why? my friends and meanes in Court are scant. Knowledge of curious phrase, and forme I want. I cannot bear't to runne my felfe in debt, To hire the *Groome*, to bid the *Page* entreat, Some fauourd Follower to vouchfafe his word To get me a cold comfort from his *Lord*. I cannot footh, (though it my life might faue,) Each Fauourite, nor crouch to eu'ry Knaue. I cannot brooke delayes as fome men do.

With scoffes, and scornes, and tak't in kindnesse to. For ere I'de binde my selfe for some slight grace, To one that hath no more worth then his place.

Dd 2

Or

Or, by a base meane free my selfe from trouble. I rather would endure my penance double: Cause to be forc'd to what my mind disdaines, Is worse to me then tortures, rackes, and chaines. And therefore vnto thee I onely flye, To whom there needs no meane but *Honesty*. To thee, that lou'st nor Parafite or Minion, Should ere I speake possesse thee with opinion. To thee, that do'ft what thou wilt vndertake, For love of *Iustice*, not the persons sake. To thee, that know'st how vaine all faire shewes be, That flow not from the hearts finceritie; And canst, though shadowed in the simplest vaile, Discerne both Loue and Truth, and where they faile. To thee doe I appeale; in whom Heau'n knowes, I next to God my confidence repose. For, can it be thy Grace should euer shine, And not enlighten fuch a Cause as mine? Can my hopes (fixt in thee great King) be dead; Or thou those Satyrs hate thy Forrests bred? Where shall my second hopes be founded then, If euer I have heart to hope agen? Can I suppose a fauour may be got In any place, when thy Court yeelds it not? Or that I may obtaine it in the land, When I shall be deni'd it at thy hand? And if I might, could I delighted be, To tak't of others, when I mist of thee?

Or

Or if I were, could I have comfort by it,
When I should thinke my Soveraigne did deny it?
No; were I sure, I to thy hate were borne,
To seeke for others savours, I would scorne.
For, if the best-worth-loues I could not gaine,
To labour for the rest I would distaine.

But why should I thy fauour here distrust,
That have a cause so knowne, and knowne so iust?
Which not alone my inward comfort doubles,
But all suppose me wrong'd that heare my troubles.
Nay, though my fault were Reall, I believe
Thou art so Royall, that thou wouldst forgive.

For, well I know, thy facred Maiesty Hath euer beene admir'd for Clemency, And at thy gentlenesse the world hath wondred, For making Sun-shine, where thou mightst haue thun-Yea, thou in mercy, life to them didft give (dred. That could not be content to fee thee live. And can I thinke that thou wilt make me, then, The most vnhappy of all other men? Or let thy loyall Subject, against reason, Be punisht more for Loue, then some for Treason? No, thou didft neuer yet thy glory staine With an iniustice to the meanest Swaine. 'Tis not thy will I'me wrong'd, nor dost thou know, If I have fuffred injuries or no. For if I have not heard false Rumours slie, Th'ast grac'st me with the stile of Honesty,

Dd 3

And

And if it were so (as some thinke it was)
I cannot see how it should come to passe
That thou, from whose free tongue proceedeth nought
Which is not correspondent with thy thought.
Those thoughts to, being fram'd in Reasons mould,
Should speake that once, which should not ever hold.

But passing it as an vncertainety,
I humbly begge thee, by that Maiesty,
Whose facred Glory strikes a louing-seare
Into the hearts of all, to whom 'tis deare:
To deigne me so much fauour, without merit,
As read this plaint of a distempered spirit:
And thinke, vnlesse I saw some hideous storme,
Too great to be endur'd by such a worme,
I had not thus presum'd vnto a King,
With Æsops Fly, to seeke an Eagles wing:

Know I am he, that entred once the lift, Gainst all the world to play the Satyrist:

Twas I, that made my measures rough and rude, Dance arm'd with whips amidst the multitude, And vnappalled with my charmed Scrowles,

Teaz'd angry Monsters in their lurking holes.

I'ue plaid with Waspes and Hornets without seares,

Till mad they grew, and swarm'd about my eares.

I'ue done it, and me thinkes tis such braue sport,

I may be stung; but nere be forry for't.

For, all my griese is, that I was so sparing,

And had no more in't, worth the name of daring.

Hee

He that will taxe these times must be more bitter. Tart lines of Vinegar and Gall are fitter. My fingers and my spirits were benum'd, My inck ran forth too fmooth, twas two much gum'd; I'de haue my Pen so paint it, where it traces, Each accent, should draw blood into their faces. And make them, when their Villanies are blazed, Shudder and startle, as men halfe amazed, For feare my Verse should make so loud a din, Heauen hearing might raine vengeance on their fin. Oh now, for fuch a straine! would Art could teach it. Though halfe my spirits I consum'd to reach it. Ide learne my Muse so braue a course to flie, Men should admire the power of *Poesie*. And those that dar'd her greatnesse to resist, Quake euen at naming of a Satyrift. But when his scourging numbers flow'd with wonder, Should cry, God bleffe vs, as they did at thunder.

Alas! my lines came from me too-too dully, They did not fill a Satyrs mouth vp fully. Hot blood, and youth, enrag'd with passions store, Taught me to reach a straine nere touch'd before. But it was coldly done, I throughly chid not: And somewhat there is yet to doe, I did not. More soundly could my scourge haue yerked many, Which I omitted not for feare of any. For want of action, discontentments rage, Base dis-respect of Vertue (in this age)

Dd 4

With

With other things which were to Goodnesse wrong, Made me so fearelesse in my carelesse Song: That, had not reason within compasse won me, I had told Truth enough to have vndone me. (Nay, have already, if that her Divine And vnseene power, can doe no more then mine.) For though fore-feeing warinesse was good, I fram'd my stile vnto a milder mood; And clogging her high-towring wings with mire, Made her halfe earth, that was before all fire. Though (as you faw) in a disguised shew I brought my Satyres to the open view: Hoping (their out-fides, being mif-efteem'd) They might have passed, but for what they seem'd: Yet some whose Comments iumpe not with my minde, In that low phrase, a higher reach would finde, And out of their deepe judgements feeme to know, What 'tis vncertaine if I meant or no: Ayming thereby, out of fome private hate. To worke my shame, or ouer-throw my state. For, amongst many wrongs my foe doth doe me, And divers imputations laide vnto me, (Deceived in his ayme) he doth mif-confter That which I have enstil'd a Man-like Monster, To meane some private person in the State, Whose worth I sought to wrong out of my hate; Vpbraiding me, I from my word doe start, Either for want of better Ground, or Heart.

Caufe

Cause from his expectation I did vary
In the denying of his Commentary,
Whereas tis knowne I meant Abuse the while,
Not thinking any one could be so vile
To merit all those Epithites of shame,
How euer many doe deserve much blame.

But fay, (I grant) that I had an intent To have it so (as he interprets) meant, And let my gracious *Liege* suppose there were One whom the State may have just cause to seare; Or thinke there were a man (and great in Court) That had more faults then I could well report: Suppose I knew him, and had gone about By fome particular markes to paint him out, That he best knowing his owne faults, might see, He was the Man I would should noted be: Imagine now fuch doings in this Age, And that this man so pointed at, should rage, Call me in question, and by his much threatning, By long imprisonment, and ill-intreating Vrge a Confession, wert not a mad part For me to tell him, what lay in my heart? Doe not I know a great mans Power and Might; In spight of Innocence, can smother Right, Colour his Villanies, to get esteeme, And make the honest man the Villaine seeme? And that the truth I told should in conclusion, For want of *Power* and *Friends* be my confusion?

I know

I know it, and the world doth know tis true, Yet, I protest, if such a man I knew, That might my Country preiudice, or Thee, Were he the greatest or the proudest Hee That breathes this day: (if so it might be found, That any good to either might redound.) So far Ile be (though Fate against me run) From starting off from that I have begun, I vn-appalled dare in such a case Rip vp his soulest Crimes before his sace, Though for my labour I were sure to drop Into the mouth of Ruine without hope.

But fuch strange farre-setcht meanings they have As I was never privile to in thought; (sought, And that vnto particulars would tie Which I intended vniversally. Whereat some with displeasure over-gone, (Those I scarce dream'd of, saw, or thought vpon) Maugre those caveats on my Satyrs brow, Their honest and iust passage disallow. And on their heads so many censures rake, That spight of me, themselves they'le guilty make.

Nor is't enough, to swage their discontent, To say I am (or to be) innocent.

For as, when once the Lyon made decree, No horned beast should nigh his presence be, That, on whose fore-head onely did appeare A bunch of stess, or but some tust of haire,

Was

Was even as farre in danger as the rest,
If he but said, it was a horned beast:
So, there be now, who thinke in that their power
Is of much force, or greater farre then our;
It is enough to prove a guilt in me,
Because (mistaking) they so think't to be.

Yet 'tis my comfort, they are not so high,
But they must stoope to Thee and Equitie.
And this I know, though prickt; they storme agen,
The world doth deeme them ne're the better men.
To stirre in filth, makes not the stench the lesse,
Nor doth Truth feare the frowne of Mightinesse.
Because those numbers she doth daigne to grace,
Men may suppresse a while, but ne're desace.

I wonder, and 'tis wondred at by many,
My harmelesse lines should breed distaste in any:
And so, that (whereas most good men approue
My labour to be worthy thankes, and loue)
I as a Villaine, and my Countries foe,
Should be imprison'd, and so strictly to,
That not alone my liberty is barr'd,
But the resort of friends (which is more hard.)
And whilst each wanton, or loose Rimers Pen,
With oyly words, sleekes o're the sinnes of men,
Vayling his wits to every Puppets becke,
Which ere I'le doe, I'le ioy to breake my necke.
(I say) while such as they in every place
Can sinde protection, patronage and grace;

If

If any looke on me, 'tis but a skaunce Or if I get a fauour, 'tis by chance. I must protect my selfe: poore Truth and I Can have scarce one speake for our honesty. Then whereas they can gold and gifts attaine, Malitious *Hate*, and *Enuy* is my gaine, And not alone have here my Freedome loft, Whereby my best hope's likely to be crost: But have beene put to more charge in one day, Then all my Patrons bounties yet will pay. What I have done, was not for thirst of gaine, Or out of hope *preferments* to attaine. Since to contemne them, would more profit me, Then all the glories in the world that be: Yet they are helpes to Vertue, vs'd aright, And when they wanting be, she wants her might. For Eagles mindes ne're fit a Rauens feather, To dare, and to be able, sute together.

But what is't I have done so worthy blame,
That some so eagerly pursue my same?
Vouchsafe to view't with thine owne eyes, and trie
(Saue want of Art) what fault thou canst espie.
I have not sought to scandalize the State,
Nor sowne sedition, nor made publike hate:
I have not aym'd at any good mans same,
Nor taxt (directly) any one by name.
I am not he that am growne discontent
With the Religion; or the Government.

I meant

I meant no Ceremonies to protect,

Nor doe I fauour any new-sprung Sect;

But to my Satyres gaue this onely warrant,

To apprehend and punish Vice apparant.

Who aiming in particular at none,

In generall vpbraided euery one:

That each (vnshamed of himselse) might view

That in himselse, which no man dares to shew.

And hath this Are bred vp neat Vice so tend

And hath this Age bred vp neat Vice so tenderly, She cannot brooke it to be touch'd fo slenderly? Will she not bide my gentle Satyres bites? Harme take her then, what makes she in their sights? If with impatience she my Whip-cord seele. How had she raged at my lash of Steele? But am I call'd in question for her cause? Is't Vice that these afflictions on me drawes? And need I now thus to Apologize, Onely because I scourged Villanies? Must I be faine to give a reason why, And how I dare allow of Honesty? Whilst that each fleering Parafite is bold Thy Royall brow vndaunted to behold: And euery Temporizer strikes a string, That's Musicke for the hearing of a King? Shall not he reach out to obtaine as much, Who dares more for thee then a hundred fuch? Heaven grant her patience, my Muse takes't so badly, I feare shee'le lose her wits, for she raues madly.

Yet

Yet let not my dread Soueraigne too much blame her, Whose awfull presence, now hath made her tamer. For if there be no Fly but hath her spleene, Nor a poore *Pismire*, but will wreake her teene; How shall I then, that have both spleene and gall, Being vniustly dealt with, beare with all? I yet with patience take what I have borne, And all the worlds ensuing hate can scorne: But 'twere in me as much stupiditie, Not to haue feeling of an iniurie, As it were weakenesse not to brooke it well: What others therefore thinke I cannot tell; But he that's lesse then mad, is more then Man, Who fees when he hath done the best he can, To keepe within the bounds of *Innocence*: Sought to discharge his due to God and Prince. That he, whilst Villanies vnreproued goe, Scoffing, to fee him ouer-taken fo, Should have his good endeauours misconceiu'd, Be of his dearest liberty bereau'd; And which is worfe, without reason why, Be frown'd on by Authorities grim eye. By that great Power my foule so much doth feare, She scornes the stearn'st frownes of a mortall Peere. But that I Vertue love, for her owne fake, It were enough to make me vndertake To speake as much in praise of Vice agen, And practife some to plague these shames of men.

I meane

I meane those my Accusers, who mistaking My aymes, doe frame conceits of their owne making. But if I lift, I need not buy so deere The iust revenge might be inflicted here. Now could I measures frame in this iust fury, Should fooner finde fome guilty then a *Iury*: The words, like fwords (temper'd with Art) should pierce And hang, and draw, and quarter them in verse. Or I could racke them on the wings of Fame, (And he's halfe hang'd (they fay) hath an ill name) Yea, I'de goe neere to make those guilty Elues, Lycambes-like, be glad to hang themselues: And though this Age will not abide to heare The faults reprou'd, that Custome hath made deare; Yet, if I pleased, I could write their crimes, And pile them vp in wals for after-times: For they'le be glad (perhaps) that shall ensue, To fee some story of their Fathers true. Or should I smother'd be in darknesse still, I might not vse the freedome of a quill: 'Twould raise vp brauer spirits then mine owne, To make my cause, and this their guilt more knowne. Who by that subject should get Loue and Fame, Vnto my foes difgrace, and endlesse shame: Those I doe meane, whose Comments have mis-us'd me: And to those Peeres I honour, haue accus'd me: Making against my Innocence their batteries. And wronging them by their base flatteries:

But

But of reuenge I am not yet so faine,
To put my selfe vnto that needlesse paine:
Because I know a greater *Power* there is,
That noteth smaller iniuries then this;
And being still as iust as it is strong,
Apportions due reuenge for euery wrong.

But why (some fay) should his too faucy Rimes Thus taxe the wife and great ones of our times? It fuites not with his yeeres to be fo bold, Nor fits it vs by him to be controld. I must confesse ('tis very true indeed) Such should not of my censure stand in need. But blame me not, I faw good Vertue poore, Defert, among the most, thrust out of doore, Honestie hated, Curtese banished, Rich men excessive, poore men famished: Coldnesse in Zeale, in Lawes partialitie, Friendship but Complement, and vaine Formalitie, Art I perceive contem'd, while most advance (To offices of worth) Rich Ignorance: And those that should our Lights and Teachers be Liue (if not worse) as wantonly as we. Yea, I saw Nature from her course runne backe, Disorders grow, Good Orders goe to wracke. So to encrease what all the rest beganne, I to this current of confusion ranne. And feeing Age, left off the place of guiding, Thus plaid the faucy wagge, and fell to chiding.

Wherein

Wherein, how euer fome (perhaps) may deeme, I am not fo much faulty as I feeme: For when the *Elders* wrong'd *Sufanna's* honer, And none withstood the Shame they laid upon her; A Childe rose vp to stand in her desence, And spight of wrong confirm'd her Innocence: To shew, those must not, that good vndertake, Straine curt he, who shall do't, for manners sake. Nor doe I know, whether to me God gaue A boldnesse more then many others have, That I might shew the world what shamefull blot Vertue by her lasciulous Elders got. Nor is't a wonder, as fome doe suppose, My Youth so much corruption can disclose; Since euery day the Sunne doth light mine eyes, I am informed of new villanies: But it is rather to be wondred how I either can, or dare be honest now.

And though againe there be some others rage, That I should dare (so much aboue mine age)
Thus censure each degree, both young and old, I see not wherein I am ouer-bold.
For if I haue beene plaine with Vice, I care not, There's nought that I know good, and can, and dare not. Onely this one thing doth my minde deterre, Euen a seare (through ignorance) to erre.

But oh knew I, what thou would'st well approue, Or might the small'st respect within thee moue;

Еe

So

So in the fight of God it might be good, And with the quiet of my conscience stood: (As well I know thy true integrity Would command nothing against Piety:) There's nought fo dangerous, or full of feare, That for my Soueraignes fake I would not dare: Which good beliefe, would it did not possesse thee; Prouided some iust triall might reblesse me: Yea, though a while I did endure the gall Of thy displeasure in this loathsome thrall. For notwithstanding in this place I lye By the command of that Authoritie, Of which I have so much respective care, That in mine owne (and iust) defence I feare To vse the free speech that I doe intend, Lest Ignorance, or Rashnesse should offend. Yet is my meaning and my thought as free From wilfull wronging of thy Lawes or Thee, As he to whom thy *Place* and *Persons* dearest, Or to himselfe that finds his conscience cle aest. If there be wrong, 'tis not my making it, All the offence is some's mistaking it. And is there any Iustice borne of late, Makes those faults mine, which others perpetrate? What man could euer any Age yet finde, That spent his spirits in this thankelesse kinde, Shewing his meaning, to fuch words could tye it, That none could either wrong, or mif-apply it.

Nay,

Nay, your owne *Lawes*, which (as you doe intend) In plain'st and most effectuall words are penn'd, Cannot be fram'd fo well to your intent, But some there be will erre from what you meant. And yet (alas) I must be ty'de vnto What neuer any man before could doe? Must all I speake, or write, so well be done That none may pick more meanings thence then one? Then all the world (I hope) will leave dif-vnion, And every man become of one opinion. But fince fome may, what care foe're we take, Divers constructions of our Writings make, The honest Readers ever will conceave The best intention's, and all others leave: Chiefly in that, where I fore-hand protest My meaning euer was the honestest, And if I say so, what is he may know So much as to affirme it was not so? Sit other men so neare my thoughts to show it, Or is my *heart* fo open that all know it? Sure if it were, they would no fuch things fee, As those whereof some have accused mee. But I care lesse how it be vnderstood. Because the heavens know my intent was good. And if it be so, that my too-free Rimes Doe much displease the world, and these bad times; 'Tis not my fault, for had I been imploy'd In fomething elfe, all this had now been voyd.

Ee 2

Or

Or if the world would but haue granted me Wealth, or Affaires, whereon to busie me, I now vnheard of, peraduenture than, Had been as mute as some rich Clergie-man.

But they are much deceiu'd that thinke my minde Will ere be still, while it can doing find; Or that vnto the world fo much it leanes, As to be curtold for default of meanes. No, though most be, all Spirits are not earth, Nor futing with the fortunes of their birth, My body's subject vnto many Powers: But my foule's as free, as is the Emperours: And though to curbe her in, I oft affay, She'le breake int' action spite of durt and clay. And is't not better then to take this course, Then fall to fludy mischiefes and doe worse? I fay she must have action, and she shall: For if the will, how can I doe withall? And let those that o're-buse thinke me, know, He made me, that knew, why he made me fo. And though there's some that say my thoughts doe flie A pitch beyond my states sufficiency; My humble minde, I give my Sauiour thanke Aspires nought yet, aboue my fortunes ranke. But fay it did, wil't not befit a man To raise his thoughts as neere *Heau'n* as he can? Must the free spirit ty'd and curbed be According to the bodies pouerty?

Or

Or can it euer be so subject to Base *Change*, to rise, and fall, as fortunes doe?

Men borne to noble meanes, and vulgar mindes Enioy their wealth; and there's no Law that bindes Such to abate their fubstance, though their Pates Want Braines, and they worth, to possesse fuch states. So God to some, doth onely great mindes giue, And little other meanes, whereon to liue. What law or conscience then shall make them smother Their Spirit, which is their life, more then other To bate their substance? since is 'twere consest, That a braue minde could euer be suppress, Were't reason any should himselfe depriue Of what the whole world hath not power to giue? For wealth is comon, and sooles get it to, When to giue spirit's more then Kings can do.

I speake not this, because I thinke there be More then the ordinarest gifts in me; But against those, who thinke I doe presume On more then doth besit me to assume: Or would have all, whom Fortune barres from store, Make themselves wretched, as she makes them poore. And 'cause in other things she is vnkind, Smother the matchlesse blessings of their minde: Whereas (although her savours doe forsake them) Their minds are richer then the world can make them. Why should a good attempt disgraced seeme, Because the person is of meane esteeme?

Ee 3

Vertue's

Vertue's a chaste Queene, and yet doth not scorne To be embrac'd by him that's meanest borne, Shee is the prop, that *Maieslies* support, Yet one whom *Slaues* as well as *Kings* may court. She loueth all that beare affection to her, And yeelds to any that hath heart to wooe her. So Vice, how high so ere she be in place, Is that which Groomes may spit at in disgrace: She is a strumpet, and may be abhorr'd, Yea, spurn'd at in the bosome of a Lord. Yet had I spoke her faire, I had beene free, As many others of her Louers be. If her escapes I had not chanc'd to tell, I might have beene a villaine, and done well: Gotten some speciall fauour, and not sate As now I doe, shut vp within a grate. Or if I could have hap't on some loose straine, That might have pleas'd the wanton Readers vaine: Or but claw'd *Pride*, I now had been vnblam'd, (Or else at least there's some would not have sham'd To plead my cause:) but see my fatall curse, Sure I was either mad, or fomewhat worse: For I faw *Vices* followers brauely kept, In Silkes they walkt, on beds of Downe they slept, Richly they fed on dainties euermore, They had their pleafure, they had all things store, (Whil'st Vertue begg'd) yea, fauours had so many, I knew they brook't not to be touch'd of any:

Yet

Yet could not I, like other men, be wife, Nor learne (for all this) how to temporize; But must (with too much honesty made blind) Vpbraid this loued darling of mankind: Whereas I might have better thriu'd by fayning: Or if I could not chuse, but be complaining. More fafe I might have rail'd on Vertue sure. Because her louers and her friends are sewer. I might have brought some other things to passe, Made Fidlers Songs, or Ballads, like an Asse, Or any thing almost indeed but this. Yet fince 'tis thus, I'me glad 'tis so amisse; Because if I am guilty of a crime, 'Tis that, wherein the best of euery time. Hath beene found faulty (if they faulty be) That doe reproue Abuse and villany.

For what I'me taxt, I can examples show, In such old Authors as this State allow: And I would faine once learne a reason why They can haue kinder vsage here then I? I muse men doe not now in question call Seneca, Horace, Persius, Iuuenall, And such as they? Or why did not that Age In which they lived, put them in a Cage? If I should say, that men were iuster then, I should neere hand be made vnsay't agen: And therefore sure I thinke I were as good Leave it to others to be vnderstood.

Ee 4

Yet

Yet I as well may speake, as deeme amisse, For such this Ages curious cunning is, I scarcely dare to let mine heart thinke ought, For there be some will seeme to know my thought, Who may out-face me that I thinke awry, When there's no witnesse, but my Conscience by: And then I likely am as ill to speed, As if I spake, or did amisse indeed.

Yet left those who (perhaps) may malice this, Interpret also these few lines amisse, Let them that after thee, shall reade or heare, From a rash censure of my thoughts forbeare. Let them not mold the fenfe that this containes According to the forming of their braines, Or thinke I dare, or can, here taxe those Peeres, Whose Worths, their Honours, to my soule endeares, (Those by whose loued-fear'd Authority) I am restrained of my liberty: For left there yet may be a man fo ill, To haunt my lines with his blacke Coment still, (In hope my lucke againe may be so good, To have my words once rightly vnderstood) This I protest, that I doe not condemne Ought as vniust, that hath been done by them; For though my honest heart not guilty be Of the least thought, that may disparage me; Yet when fuch men as I, shall have fuch foes, Accuse me of fuch crimes, to fuch as those,

Till

Till I had meanes my *Innocence* to show, Their *Iuftice* could have done no lesse then so.

Nor haue I fuch a proud conceited wit, Or felfe-opinion of my knowledge yet, To thinke it may not be that I have run Vpon some *Errors* in what I have done, Worthy this punishment which I endure; (I fay I cannot fo my felfe affure) For 'tis no wonder if their Wisedomes can Discouer Imperfections in a man So weake as I, (more then himselfe doth see) Since my fight dull with insufficiencie, In men more graue, and wifer farre then I, Innumerable Errors doth espye, Which they with all their knowledge I'le be bold, Cannot (or will not) in themselues behold. But ere I will my felfe accuse my Song, Or keepe a *Tongue* shall doe my *Heart* that wrong, To fay I willingly in what I penn'd, Did ought that might a Goodmans fight offend; Or with my knowledge did infert one word, That might disparage a true Honour'd Lord; Let it be in my mouth a helpelesse sore, And never speake to be beleeved more.

Yet man irresolute is, vnconstant, weake, And doth his purpose oft through frailty breake. Lest therefore I by force hereafter may Be brought from this minde, and these words vnsay,

Here

Here to the World I doe proclaime before, If e're my resolution be so poore, T'is not the Right, but Might that makes me doe it; Yea, nought but fearefull basenesse brings me to it; Which if I still hate, as I now detest, Neuer can come to harbor in my brest.

Thus my fault then (if they a fault imply) Is not alone an ill vnwillingly, But also, might I know it, I entend, Not onely to acknowledge, but amend: Hoping that thou wilt not be so seuere, To punish me aboue all other here. But for m'intents fake, and my loue to Truth, Impute my *Errors* to the heate of *Youth*, Or rather Ignorance; then to my Will, Which fure I am was good, what e're be ill, And like to him now, in whose place thou art, What e're the residue be, accept the *Heart*. But I grow tedious, and my loue abusd, Diffurbs my thoughts, and makes my lines confus'd. Yet pardon me, and daigne a gracious eye On this my rude, vnfil'd Apologie. Let not the bluntnesse of my phrase offend, Weigh but the *matter*, and not how 'tis *penn'd*; By these abrupt lines in my iust defence, Iudge what I might fay for my innocence. And thinke, I more could speake, that here I spare, Because my power suites not to what I dare.

Мy

My vnaffected *stile* retaines (you fee) Her old Frize-Cloake of young Rusticitie: If others will vie neater tearmes, they may, Ruder I am, yet loue as well as they: And (though if I would smooth't I cannot doo't) My humble heart I bend beneath thy foot: While here my Muse her discontent doth sing To thee her great Apollo, and my King: Emploring thee by that high facred Name, By *Iuflice*, by those *Powers* that I could name: By whatsoe're may moue, entreate I thee, To be what thou art vnto all, to mee; I feare it not, yet give me leave to pray, I may have foes, whose power doth beare such sway; If they but fay I'me guilty of offence, 'Twere vaine for me to pleade my innocence. But as the Name of God thou bear'st, I trust Thou imitat'st him to, in being iust: That when the right of Truth thou comm'st to scan, Thoul't not respect the person of the man: For if thou doe, then is my hope vndone, The head-long-way to ruine I must runne. For whil'st that they have all the helpes which may Procure their pleasure with my soone decay: How is it like that I my peace can win me,

Oh

When all the ayde I have, comes from within me? Therefore (good King) that mak'ft thy bounty shine Sometime on those whose worths are small as mine;

Oh faue me now from Enuies dangerous shelfe,
Or make me able, and I'le saue my selfe.
Let not the want of that make me a scorne,
To which there are more Fooles then Wise-men borne.
Let me not for my Meannesse be dispis'd,
Nor others greatnesse make their words more priz'd.
For whatsoe're my outward Fate appeares,
My Soule's as good, my Heart as great as theirs.
My loue vnto my Country and to thee,
As much as his that more would seeme to be.
And would this Age allow but meanes to show it,
Those that misdoubt it, should ere long time know it.

Pitty my youth then, and let me not lie Wasting my time in fruitlesse miserie. Though I am meane, I may be borne vnto That feruice, which another cannot doe. In vaine the little Mouse the Lyon spar'd not. She did him pleasure, when a greater dar'd not. If ought that I have done, doe thee displease, Thy misconceiued wrath I will appeare, Or facrifice my heart; but why should I Suffer for God knowes whom, I know not why? If that my words through fome mistake offends, Let them conceive them right and make amends. Or were I guilty of offence indeed, One fault (they fay) doth but one pardon need: Yet one I had, and now I want one more; For once I flood accus'd for this before.

As

As I remember I fo long agon, Snng Thame, and Rhynes Epithalamion: When SHE that from thy Royall felfe deriues Those gracious vertues that best *Title* gives: She that makes Rhine proud of her excellence. And me oft minde her reuerence: Daign'd in her great good-nature to encline Her gentle eare to fuch a cause as mine; And which is more, vouchsaf'd her word, to cleare Me from all dangers (if there any were,) So that I doe not now intreate, or fue For any great boone, or request that's new: But onely this (though absent from the Land) Her former fauour still in force might stand: And that her word (who present was so deere) Might be as powerfull, as when she was here. Which if I finde, and with thy fauour may Haue leave to shake my loathed bands away, (As I doe hope I shall) and be set free From all the troubles, this hath brought on me, I'le make her Name giue life vnto a Song, Whose neuer-dying note shall last as long As there is either River, Grove or Spring. Or Downe for Sheepe, or Shepheards Lad to fing. Yea, I will teach my Muse to touch a straine, That was ne're reach't to yet by any Swaine. For though that many deeme my yeeres vnripe, Yet I have learn'd to tune an Oaten Pipe,

Whereon

Whereon I'le try what musicke I can make me, (Vntill Bellona with her Trumpe awake me.) And fince the world will not have Vice thus showne, By blazing Vertue I will make it knowne. Then if the *Court* will not my lines approue I'le goe vnto some Mountaine, or thicke Groue: There to my fellow Shepheards will I fing, Tuning my Reede vnto some dancing Spring, In fuch a note, that none should dare to trouble it, Till the Hils answere, and the Woods redouble it. And peraduenture I may then goe neare To speake of something thoul't be pleas'd to heare: And that which those who now my tunes abhorre, Shall reade, and like, and daigne to loue me for: But the meane while, oh passe not this suite by, Let thy free hand figne me my liberty: And if my loue may moue thee more to do, Good King consider this my trouble to. Others have found thy favour in distresse, Whose love to thee and thine I thinke was lesse. And I might fitter for thy feruice line On what would not be much for thee to give.

And yet I aske it not for that I feare
The outward meanes of life should faile me here:
For though I want to compasse those good ends
I aime at for my Countrie and my Friends,
In this poore state I can as well content me,
As if that I had Wealth and Honours lent me.

Nor

Nor for my owne sake doe I seeke to shunne
This thraldome, wherein now I seeme vndone:
For though I prize my Freedome more then Gold,
And vse the meanes to free my selfe from hold,
Yet with a minde (I hope) vnchang'd and free,
Here can I liue, and play with miserie:
Yea, in despight of want and slauerie,
Laugh at the world in all her brauerie.
Here haue I learn'd to make my greatest Wrongs
Matter of Mirth, and subjects but for Songs:
Here can I smile to see my selfe neglected,
And how the meane mans suite is dis-respected;
Whil'st those that are more rich, and better friended,
Can haue twice greater saults thrice sooner ended.

All this, yea more, I fee and fuffer to,
Yet liue content midst discontents I do.
Which whil'st I can, it is all one to me,
Whether in Prison or abroad it be:
For should I still lye here distrest and poore,
It shall not make me breathe a sigh the more;
Since to my selfe it is indifferent,
Where the small remnant of my daies be spent,
But for Thy sake, my Countries, and my Friends,
For whom, more then my selfe, God this life lends,
I would not, could I helpe it, be a scorne,
But (if I might) live free, as I was borne:
Or rather for my Mistris vertues sake,
Faire Vertue, of whom most account I make,

If I can chuse, I will not be debas'd
In this last action, lest She be disgrac'd:
For 'twas the loue of her that brought me to,
What Spleene nor Enuie could not make me do.
And if her servants be no more regarded;
If enemies of Vice be thus rewarded,
And I should also Vertues wrongs conceale,
And if none liu'd to whom she dar'd appeale:
Will they that doe not yet her worth approue,
Be euer drawne to entertaine her love,
When they shall see him plagu'd as an Offender,
Who for the love he beares her, doth commend her?

This may to others more offensive be, Then prejudiciall any way to me: For who will his endeauours euer bend To follow her, whom there is none will friend? Some I doe hope there be that nothing may From loue of Truth and Honesty dismay. But who will (that shall fee my euill Fortune) The remedy of Times Abuse importune? Who will againe, when they have fmother'd me, Dare to oppose the face of Villany? Whereas he must be faine to vndertake A Combat with a fecond Lernean Snake: Whose euer-growing heads when as he crops, Not onely two fprings, for each one he lops, But also he shall see in midst of dangers. Those he thought friends turne foes, at least-wise strangers. More

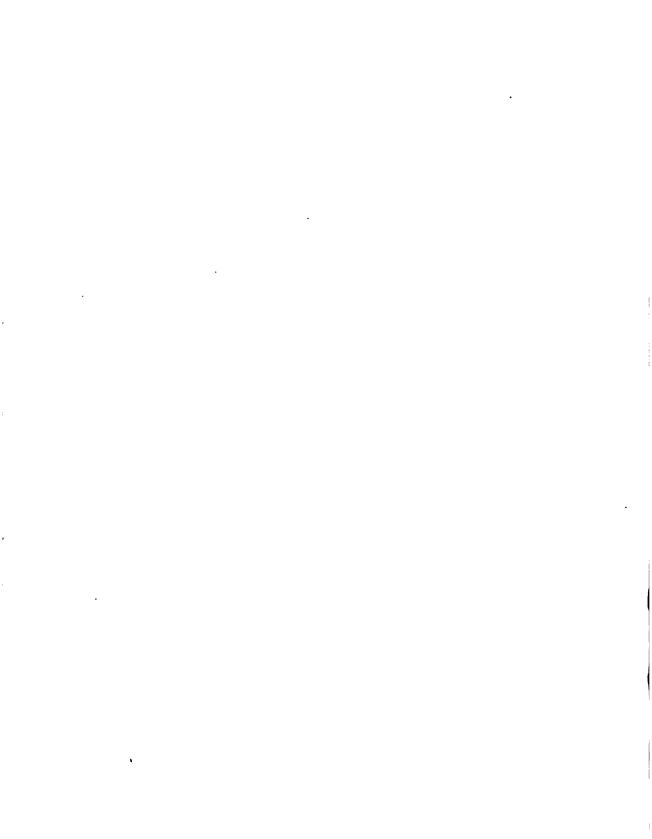
More I could speake, but sure if this doe faile me, I neuer shall doe ought that will auaile me; Nor care to speake againe, vnlesse it be To him that knowes how heart and tongue agree; No, nor to liue, when none dares vndertake To speake one word for honest Vertues sake. But let his will be done, that best knowes what Will be my future good, and what will not. Hap well or ill, my spotlesse meaning's saire, And for thee, this shall euer be my prayer, That thou maist here enion a long-blest Raigne, And dying, be in Heauen re-crown'd againe.

SO now, if thou hast daign'd my Lines to heare, There's nothing can befall me that I feare: For if thou hast compassion on my trouble, The Ioy I shall receive will be made double; And if I fall, it may some Glory be, That none but IOVE himselfe did ruine me.

Your Maiesties most loyall Subiest, and yet Prisoner in the Marshalsey,

GEORGE WITHER.

F f



OR

N V P T I A L L P O E M S VPON THE MOST BLESSED

AND HAPPY MARRIAGE betweene the High and Mighty Prince Frederick the fifth, Count Palatine

of the Rhine, Duke of Bauier, &c.

AND THE MOST VERTVOVS,

Gracious, and thrice Excellent Princesse, Elizabeth,
Sole Daughter to our dread Soueraigne, Iames, by
the grace of God King of Great Britaine,
France and Ireland, Defender of
the Faith, &c.

Celebrated at White-Hall the fourteenth of February. 1612.

Written by George Wither.

LONDON,

Printed by T. S. for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls*-Church-yard, at the figne of the Greene Dragon, 1622.

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TO THE ALL-VER-TVOVS AND THRICE EXCELLENT PRINCESSE

Elizabeth, fole daughter to our dread Soueraigne, Iames by the grace of God, King of Great Britaine,
France and Ireland,
&c.

AND WIFE TO THE HIGH
AND MIGHTY PRINCE, FREDERICK
the fifth, Count Palatine of the Rheine, Duke
of Bauier, &c. Elector, and Arch-few er to
the facred Roman Empire, during
the vacancy Vicar of the Jame,
and Knight of the most honorable Order of the

George Wither wisheth all the Health; Ioyes, Honours, and Felicities of this World, in this life, and the perfections of eternity in the World to come.

Garter.



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To the Christian Readers.

Eaders; for that in my booke of Satyricall Essayes, I have been deemed ouer Cynicall; to shew, that I am not wholly inclined to that

Vaine: But indeede especially, out of the loue which in duty I owe to those incomparable Princes, I have in honour of their Royall Solemnities, published these short Epithalamiaes. By which you may perceive (how ever the world thinke of me) I am not of such a Churlish Constitution, but I can afford Vertue her deserved honour; and have as well an Ff 4 affable

To the Reader.

affable looke to encourage Honesty; as a sterne frowne to cast on Villanie; If the Times would sufferme, I could be as pleasing as others; and perhaps ere long I will make you amends for my former rigor; Meane while I commit this vnto your censures; and bid you farewell.

G. W.



Epithalamion.



Right Northerne Starre, and great Mineruaes peere,
Sweete Lady of this Day: Great Britaines deere.

Loe thy poore Vaffall, that was erft fo rude, With his most Rusticke Satyrs to intrude, Once more like a poore Siluan now drawes neare; And in thy facred *Presence* dares appeare. Oh let not that sweete Bowe thy Brow be bent, To scarre him with a Shaft of discontent: One looke with Anger, nay thy gentlest Frowne, Is twice enough to cast a Greater downe. My Will is euer, neuer to offend, These that are good; and what I here intend, Your Worth compels me to. For lately greeu'd, More then can be exprest, or well beleeu'd; Minding for euer to abandon sport, And liue exilde from places of refort; Carelesse of all, I yeelding to securitie, Thought to flut vp my Muse in darke obscuritie:

And

And in content, the better to repose,
A lonely Groue vpon a Mountaine chose.
East from Caer Winn, mid-way twixt Arle and Dis,
True Springs, where Britains true Arcadia is.
But ere I entred my entended course,
Great Æolus began to offer force.

 He here remembers and describes the late Winter, which was for exceeding tempestuous and windy.

* The boifterous King was growne fo mad with rage; That all the Earth, was but his furies stage. Fire, Ayre, Earth, Sea, were intermixt in one: Yet Fire, through Water, Earth and Ayre shone. The Sea, as if she ment to whelme them vnder, Beat on the *Cliffes*, and rag'd more loud then thunder: And whil'st the vales she with falt waves did fill, The Aire showr'd flouds, that drencht our highest hill; And the proud trees, that would no dutie know; Lay ouer-turned, twenties in a Row. Yea, euery Man for feare, fell to *Deuotion*; Lest the whole Ile should have bin drencht in th'Ocean. Which I perceiuing, coniur'd vp my Muse, The Spirit, whose good helpe I sometime vse: And though I ment to breake her rest no more, I was then faine her aide for to implore. And by her helpe indeed, I came to know, Why, both the Ayre and Seas were troubled fo. For having vrg'd her, that she would vnfold What cause she knew: Thus much at last she told. Of late (quoth she) there is by powers Divine; A match concluded, twixt Great Thame and Rhine.

Two

Two famous Rivers, equall both to Nile: The one, the pride of Europes greatest Ile. Th'other disdaining to be closely pent; Washes a great part of the Continent. Yet with abundance, doth the Wants supply, Of the still-thirsting Sea, that's never dry. And now, these, being not alone endear'd, To mightie Neptune, and his watrie Heard: But also to the great and dreadfull Ioue, With all his facred Companies aboue, Both have affented by their Loues inviting: To grace (with their owne presence) this Vniting. Ioue call'd a Summons to the Worlds great wonder, 'Twas that we heard of late, which we thought thunder. A thousand Legions he intends to send them, Of Cherubins and Angels to attend them: And those strong Windes, that did such blustring keepe, Were but the Tritons, founding in the Deepe; To warne each River, petty Streame and Spring, Their aide vnto their Soueraigne to bring. The Floods and Showres that came so plenteous downe, And lay entrencht in euery Field and Towne, Were but retainers to the Nobler fort, That owe their Homage at the Watrie Court: Or else the Streames not pleas'd with their owne store, To grace the Thames, their Mistris, borrowed more. Exacting from their neighbouring Dales and Hills, But by confent all (nought against their wills.)

The reason of the tempestuous Winter.

Yet now, fince in this stirre are brought to ground Many faire buildings, many hundreds drown'd, And daily found of broken Ships great store, That lie dismembred upon euery shore: With divers other mischiefes knowne to all, This is the cause that those great harmes befall. Whilst other, things in readincsse, did make,

The cause of all Hells hatefull Hags from out their prisons brake: fuch dangers as And spighting at this hopefull match, began true of the arm. ture of the ayre. To wreake their wrath on Ayre, Earth, Sea, and Man.

Some having shapes of Romish shavelings got, Spew'd out their venome; and began to plot Which way to thwart it: others made their way With much distraction thorough Land and Sea Extreamely raging. But Almightie Ioue Perceiues their Hate and Enuie from aboue: He'le checke their furie, and in yrons chain'd, Their libertie abus'd, shall be restrain'd: Hee'le shut them up, from comming to molest The Meriments of Hymens holy feast. Where shall be knit that sacred Gordian knot, Which in no age to come shall be forgot. Which Policie nor Force shall nere untie, But must continue to eternitie: Which for the whole Worlds good was fore-decree'd, With Hope expected long; now come indeed. And of whose future glory, worth, and merit Much I could speake with a prophetike spirit.

Thus

Thus by my Muses deare affistance, finding
The cause of this disturbance, with more minding
My Countries welfare, then my owne content,
And longing to behold this Tales event:
My lonely life I suddenly forsooke,
And to the Court again my Iourney tooke.

Meane-while I faw the furious Windes were laid; The rifings of the swelling Waters staid. The Winter gan to change in euery thing, And feem'd to borrow mildnesse of the Spring. The Violet and Primrofe fresh did grow; And as in Aprill, trim'd both Cops and rowe. The Citie, that I left in mourning clad, Drouping, as if it would have still beene sad, I found deckt vp in roabes fo neat and trimme. Faire Iris would have look't but stale and dimme In her best colours, had she there appear'd, The Sorrowes of the Court I found well cleer'd, Their wofull habits quite cast off, and ty'rd In fuch a glorious fashion: I admir'd. All her chiefe *Peeres* and choifest beauties to, In greater pompe, then Mortals vie to doe, Wait as attendants. *Iuno's* come to fee: Because she heares that this solemnitie Exceeds faire Hippodamia's (where the strife 'Twixt her, Minerua, and lame Vulcans wife Did first arise,) and with her leades along A noble, stately, and a mighty throng.

He noteth the most admirable alteration of the weather a while before these Nuptials.

The glorious preparation, of this folemnity, the ftate whereof is here allegorically described.

Venus

Venus, (attended with her rarest features, Sweet louely-fmiling, and heart-mouing creatures, The very fairest *Iewels* of her treasure, Able to moue the fenceles stones to pleasure.) Of all her fweetest Saints, hath robd their shrines: And brings them for the Courtiers Valentines. Nor doth Dame *Pallas*, from these triumphs lurke : Her noblest wits, she freely sets on worke. Of late the fummond them vnto this place, To doe your maskes and Reuels better grace.

Meaning the Sea-fight, and the taking of the Caftle on was most artificially perfor-

Here * Mars himselfe to, clad in Armour bright, Hath showne his furie in a bloudlesse fight; the water, which And both on land and water, sternely drest, Acted his bloudy Stratagems in iest: Which (to the people, frighted by their error,) With feeming wounds and death did ad more terror, Besides, to give the greater cause of wonder, *Ioue* did vouchsafe a ratling peale of thunder:

he alludeth to those exhalati-

The fier-workes Comets and Meteors by the starres exhald, Were from the Middle-Region lately cald; And to a place appointed made repaire, To show their fierie Friscols in the aire, People innumerable doe refort, As if all *Europe* here would keepe one Court: Yea, Hymen in his Safferon-coloured weed, To celebrate his rites is full agreed. All this I fee: which feeing, makes me borrow Some of their mirth a while, and lay downe forrow.

And

And yet not this: but rather the delight My heart doth take in the much hoped fight Of these thy glories, long already due; And this fweet comfort, that my eyes doe view Thy happy Bridegroome, Prince Count Palatine, Now thy best friend and truest Valentine. Vpon whose brow, my minde doth reade the storie Of mightie fame, and a true future glorie. Me thinkes I doe forefee already, how Princes and Monarchs at his stirrop bow: I fee him shine in steele; the bloudy fields Already won, and how his proud foe yeelds. God hath ordaind him happinesse great store: And yet in nothing is he happy more, Then in thy loue (faire Princesse:) For (vnlesse *Heauen*, like to *Man*, be prone to ficklenesse) Thy Fortunes must be greater in effect, Then time makes show of, or men can expect. Yet, notwithstanding all those goods of fate, Thy Minde shall euer be aboue thy state: For ouer and beside thy proper merit, Our last Eliza grants her Noble spirit To be re-doubled on thee; and your names Being both one, shall give you both one fames. Oh bleffed thou / and they to whom thou giu'st The leave for to be attendants where thou liu'st: And haplesse we, that must of force let goe, The matchlesse treasure we esteeme of so.

But

But yet we trust 'tis for our good and thine; Or elfe thou shouldst not change thy Thame for Rhyne. We hope that this will the vniting proue Of Countries and of Nations by your love: And that from out your bleffed loynes, shall come Another terror to the Whore of Rome: And fuch a stout Achilles, as shall make Her tottering Walls and weake foundation shake: For *Thetis*-like, thy fortunes doe require, Thy Islue should be greater then his fire. But (Gracious Princesse) now since thus it sares, And God so well for you and vs prepares: Since he hath daign'd fuch honours for to doe you, And showne himselfe so fauourable to you: Since he hath chang'd your forrowes, and your fadnes, Into fuch great and vnexpected gladnesse: Oh now remember you to be at leafure, Sometime to thinke on him amidst your pleasure: Let not these glories of the world deceaue you, Nor her vaine fauours of your felfe bereaue you. Confider yet for all this Iollitie, Y'are mortall, and must feele mortalitie: And that God can in midst of all your Ioyes, Quite dash this pompe, and fill you with annoyes. Triumphes are fit for Princes; yet we finde They ought not wholly to take vp the minde, Nor yet to be let passe; as things in vaine: For out of all things, wit will knowledge gaine.

Musique

Mufique may teach of difference in degree, The best tun'd Common-Weales will framed bee: And that he moues, and lives with greatest grace, That vnto Time and Measure ties his pace. Then let these things be * Emblemes, to present a He de-Your minde with a more lasting true content. When you behold the infinite refort, The glory and the splendor of the Court; What wondrous fauours God doth here bequeath you, and tri-umphes, and what How many hundred thousands are beneath you; And view with admiration your great bliffe, Then with your felfe you may imagine this. 'Tis but a blast, or transitory shade, Which in the turning of a hand may fade. Honours, which you your selfe did neuer winne, And might (had God been pleas'd) anothers binne. And thinke, if shadowes have such maiestie, What are the glories of eternitie; Then by this image of a fight on Sea, Wherein you heard the thundring Canons plea; And faw flames breaking from their murthering throts, Which in true skirmish, fling resistlesse shots; Your wisedome may (and will no doubt) begin, To cast what perill a poore Souldiers in: You will conceaue his miseries and cares, How many dangers, deaths, and wounds he shares: Then though the most pass't ouer, and neglect them, That Rethoricke will move you to respect them.

clares what vie is to be made of thefe fhowes meditations the minde may be occupied about, when we behold them.

And if hereafter, you should hap to see Such Mimick Apes (that Courts differences be:) I meane fuch Chamber-combatants; who neuer Weare other Helmet, then a Hat of Beuer: Or nere board Pinnace but in silken saile: And in the steed of boysterous shirts of maile, Goe arm'd in Cambrick: If that such a Kite (I fay) should scorne an Eagle in your sight; Your wisedome iudge (by this experience) can, Which hath most worth, Hermaphrodite, or Man. • Fire-workes. The nights strange • prospects, made to feed the eies, With Artfull fiers, mounted in the skies: Graced with horred claps of fulphury thunders; May make you minde th'Almighties greater wonders. Nor is there any thing, but you may thence Reape inward gaine; as well as please the Sense. But pardon me (oh fairest) that am bold, My heart thus freely, plainely, to vnfold. What though I know, you knew all this before: My loue this showes, and that is something more. Doe not my honest service here distaine. I am a faithfull, though an humble Swaine. I'me none of those that have the meanes or place. With showes of cost to doe your Nuptials grace: But onely master of mine owne desire. Am hither come with others to admire. I am not of those Heliconian wits; Whose pleasing straines the Courts knowne humour fits.

But

But a poore rurall Shepheard, that for need, Can make sheepe Musique on an Oaten reed: Yet for my loue (Ile this be bold to boast) It is as much to you, as his that's most. Which, since I no way else can now explaine, If you'l in midst of all these glories daigne, To lend your eares vnto my Muse so long, She shall declare it in a Wedding song.

G g 2 Epitha-



Epithalamion.

Marriage the Author fhowes it ning with the falu-tation of a fuppo-fed Valentine.

[7 Alentine, good morrow to thee, Loue and feruice both I owe thee: tines day, And would waite vpon thy pleasure; But I cannot be at leafure: by begin- For, I owe this day as debter, To (a thousand times) thy better.

> Hymen now will have effected What hath been so long expected: Thame thy Mistris, now vnwedded; Soone, must with a *Prince* be bedded. If thou'lt fee her Virgin euer, Come, and doe it now, or neuer.

Where art thou, oh faire Aurora? Call in Ver and Lady Flora: And you daughters of the Morning, In your neat'ft, and feat'ft adorning: Cleare your fore-heads, and be fprightfull, That this day may feeme delightfull.

All

All you Nimphs that vie the Mountaines, Or delight in groues and fountaines; Shepheardesses, you that dally, Either vpon Hill or Valley: And you daughters of the Bower, That acknowledge Vestaes power.

Oh you fleepe too long; awake yee, See how *Time* doth ouertake yee. Harke, the *Larke* is vp and fingeth, And the house with ecchoes ringeth. Pretious howers, why neglect yee, Whil'st affaires thus expect yee?

Come away vpon my bleffing, The *Bride-chamber* lies to dreffing: Strow the wayes with leaues of *Rofes*, Some make *garlands*, fome make *pofes*: 'Tis a fauour, and't may ioy you, That your *Miftris* will employ you.

Where's * Sabrina, with her daughters, That doe fport about her waters: Those that with their lockes of Amber, Haunt the fruitfull hills of b Camber: We must have to fill the number, All the Nimples of Trent and Humber.

Gg 3

a Scuerne.

b Wales.

Fie

Fie, your haste is scarce sufficing, For the *Bride*'s awake and rising. Enter beauties, and attend her; All your helpes and service lend her: With your quaint'st and new'st deuises, Trim your Lady, saire *Thamiss*.

See; shee's ready: with *Ioyes* greet her, Lads, goe bid the *Bride-groome* meet her: But from rash approach adulse him, Lest a too much Ioy surprize him, None I ere knew yet, that dared, View an *Angell* vnprepared.

Now vnto the *Church* she hies her; *Enuie* bursts, if she espies her: In her gestures as she paces, Are vnited all the *Graces*: Which who sees and hath his senses, Loues in spight of all desences.

O most true maiestick creature! Nobles did you note her feature? Felt you not an inward motion, Tempting Love to yeeld deuotion; And as you were euen desiring, Something check you for aspiring?

That's

That's her *Vertue* which still tameth Loose desires, and bad thoughts blameth: For whil'st others were vnruly, She obseru'd *Diana* truly: And hath by that meanes obtained Gifts of her that none haue gained.

Yon's the *Bride-groome*, d'yee not spie him? See how all the *Ladies* eye him. *Venus* his perfection findeth, And no more *Adonis* mindeth. Much of him my heart diuineth: On whose brow all *Vertue* shineth.

Two fuch *Creatures Nature* would not Let one place long keepe: fhe should not: One shee'l haue (she cares not whether,) But our *Loues* can spare her neither. Therefore ere we'le so be spighted, They in one shall be vnited.

Natures felse is well contented, By that meanes to be preuented. And behold they are retired, So conioyn'd, as we desired: Hand in hand, not onely fixed, But their hearts, are intermixed.

Gg4

Happy

Happy they and we that fee it,
For the good of Europe be it.
And heare Heauen my deuotion,

Tyber Make this Rhyne and Thame an Ocean:
is the Riuer which That it may with might and wonder,
nunneth by Rome. Whelme the pride of Tyber vnder.

White-Hall. Now yon b Hall their perfons shroudeth,
Whither all this people croudeth:
There they feasted are with plenty,
Sweet Ambrosia is no deinty.
Groomes quasse Nectar; for theres meeter,
Yea, more costly wines and sweeter.

Young men all, for ioy goe ring yee, And your merriest Carols sing yee. Here's of Damzels many choices, Let them tune their sweetest voyces. Fet the Muses to, to cheare them; They can rauish all that heare them.

Ladies, 'tis their Highnesse pleasures,' To behold you foot the Measures: Louely gestures addeth graces,' To your bright and Angell faces. Give your active mindes the bridle: Nothing worse then to be idle.

Worthies

Worthies, your affaires forbeare yee, For the State a while may spare yee: Time was, that you loued sporting, Haue you quite forgot your Courting? Ioy the heart of Cares beguileth: Once a yeere Apollo smileth.

Semel in anno ridet Apol.

Fellow Shepheards, how I pray you, Can your flocks at this time stay you? Let vs also hie vs thither, Let's lay all our wits together, And some Pastorall invent them, That may show the love we ment them.

I my felfe though meanest stated, And in Court now almost hated, Will knit vp my * Scourge, and venter In the midst of them to enter; For I know, there's no disdaining, Where I looke for entertaining.

See, me thinkes the very feason,
As if capable of Reason,
Hath laine by her natiue rigor,
The faire Sun-beames have more vigor.
They are Æols most endeared:
For the Ayre's still'd and cleared.

a Abufes ftript and whipt. He no-teth the mildneffe of the winter which, excep-ting that the beginning was very windy, was as temperate as fpring.

Fawnes

Fawnes, and Lambs and Kidds doe play, In the honour of this day: The shrill Black-Bird, and the Thrush Hops about in euery bush: And among the tender twigs, Chaunt their fweet harmonious iggs.

pinion, that this day euery mate for that yeer.

Most men Yea, and mou'd by this example, They doe make each Groue a temple: Where their time the best way vsing, They their Summer loues are chusing. And vnlesse some Churle do wrong them, There's not an od bird among them.

> Yet I heard as I was walking, Groues and hills by Ecchoes talking: Reeds vnto the fmall brooks whiftling, Whil'st they danc't with pretty rushling. Then for vs to fleepe 'twere pitty; Since dumb creatures are fo witty.

But oh Titan, thou dost dally, Hie thee to thy Westerne Valley: Let this night one hower borrow: She shall pay't againe to morrow: And if thou'lt that fauor do them, Send thy fifter *Phæbe* to them.

But

But shee's come her selfe vnasked, And brings * Gods and Heroes masked. None yet saw, or heard in storie, Such immortall, mortall glorie. View not, without preparation; Lest you saint in admiration. a By these he means the two Masques, one of them being presented by the Lords, the other by the Gentry.

Say my Lords, and speake truth barely, Mou'd they not exceeding rarely? Did they not such praises merit, As if flesh had all beene spirit? True indeed, yet I must tell them, There was One did farre excell them.

But (alas) this is ill dealing,

Night vnawares away is ftealing:

Their delay the poore bed wrongeth,

That for Bride with Bride-groome longeth:

And aboue all other places,

Must be blest with their embraces.

Reuellers, then now forbeare yee, And vnto your refts prepare yee: Let's a while your absence borrow, Sleep to night, and dance to morrow. We could well allow your Courting: But 'twill hinder better sporting.

They

They are gone, and Night all lonely, Leaues the Bride with Bridegroome onely. Muse now tell; (for thou hast power To flie thorough wall or tower:) What contentments their hearts cheareth; And how louely she appeareth.

And yet doe not; tell it no man, Rare conceits may fo grow common:

Doe not to the Vulgar show them,
('Tis enough that thou dost know them.)

Their ill hearts are but the Center,
Where all misconceivings enter.

But thou Luna that dost lightly, Haunt our downes and forrests nightly: Thou that fauour'st generation, And art helpe to procreation: See their issue thou so cherish, I may live to see it flourish.

And you *Planets*, in whose power Doth consist these liues of our; You that teach vs *Divinations*, Helpe with all your *Constellations*, How to frame in *Her*, a creature, Blest in *Fortune*, *Wit*, and *Feature*.

Laftly,

Lastly, oh you Angels ward them, Set your facred Spels to gard them; Chase away such feares or terrors, As not being, seeme through errors: Yea, let not a dreames molesting, Make them start when they are resting.

But T H O V chiefly, most adored, That shouldst onely be implored: Thou to whom my meaning tendeth, Whether er'e in show it bendeth: Let them rest to night from sorrow, And awake with ioy to morrow.

Oh, to my request be heedfull,
Grant them that, and all things needfull.
Let not these my straines of Folly,
Make true prayer be vnholy:
But if I haue here offended:
Helpe, forgiue, and see it mended.

Daigne me this. And if my Muses Hastie issue; she peruses; Make it vnto her seeme gratefull, Though to all the World else hatefull. But how er'e, yet Soule perseuer Thus to wish her good for euer.

Thus

"Hus ends the Day, together with my Song; ■ Oh may the Ioyes thereof continue long! Let *Heavens* iust, all-seeing, sacred power, Fauour this happy marriage day of your; And bleffe you in your chaft embraces fo, We Britains may behold before you goe The hopefull Issue we shall count so deare, And whom (vnborne) his foes already feare. Yea, I desire, that all your forrowes may Neuer be more, then they have been to day. Which hoping; for acceptance now I fue, And humbly bid your *Grace* and *Court* adue. I faw the fight I came for; which I know Was more then all, the world beside could show. But if amongst Apolloes Layes, you can Be pleas'd to lend a gentle eare to Pan; Or thinke your Country Shepheard loues as deare, As if he were a Courtier, or a Peere: Then I, that elfe must to my Cell of paine, Will ioyfull turne vnto my flocke againe: And there vnto my fellow shepheards tell, Why you are lou'd; wherein you doe excell. And when we drive our flecks a field to graze them, So chaunt your praises, that it shall amaze them: And thinke that Fate hath new recald from death Their still-lamented, sweete Elizabeth. For though they fee the *Court* but now and then, They know defert as well as Greater men:

And

And honord Fame in them doth liue or die, As well as in the mouth of Maiestie.

But taking granted what I here intreat;
At heauen for you my deuotions beat:
And though I feare, fate will not suffer me
To doe you seruice, where your Fortunes be:
How ere my skill hath yet despised seem'd,
(And my vnripened wit been misesteem'd:)
When all this costly Showe away shall slit,
And not one liue that doth remember it;
If Enuies trouble let not to perseuer;
I'le find a meanes to make it knowne for euer.

CERTAINE



CERTAINE E-PIGRAMS CON-

CERNING MAR-RIAGE.

Epigram 1.



Is said; in Marriage aboue all the rest

The children of a King finde comforts least,

Because without respect of Loue or Hate

They must, and oft be, ruled by the State:

But if contented Loue, Religions care, Equalitie in State, and yeares declare A happie Match (as I suppose no lesse) Then rare and great's Elizaes Happinesse.

Epigram

Epigram. 2.

G Od was the first that Marriage did ordaine, By making One, Two; and Two, One againe,

Epigram. 3.

Souldier; of thee I aske, for thou canst best,
Hauing knowne sorrow, judge of Ioy and Rest:
What greater blisse, then after all thy harmes,
To have a wife that's faire, and lawfull thine;
And lying prison'd 'twixt her Ivory armes,
There tell what thou hast scapt by powers divine?
How many round thee thou hast murthered seene;
How oft thy soule hath beene neere hand expiring,
How many times thy slesh hath wounded been:
Whil'st she thy fortune, and thy worth admiring,
With ioy of health, and pitty of thy paine;
Doth weepe and kisse, and kisse and weepe againe.

Epigram. 4.

FAire Helen having stain'd her husbands bed,
And mortall hatred 'twixt two Kingdomes bred;
Had still remaining in her so much good,
That Heroes for her lost their dearest blood:

Ηh

Then

Then if with all that ill, such worth may last, Oh what is she worth, that's as faire, and chast!

Epigram. 5.

OLd Orpheus knew a good wives worth so well, That when his dy'd, he followed her to hell, And for her losse, at the Elizean Grove, He did not onely Ghosts to pitty move, But the sad Poet breath'd his sighes so deepe; 'Tis said, the Divels could not chuse but weepe.

Epigram. 6.

Ong did I wonder, and I wonder much,
Romes Church should from her Clergie take that due:
Thought I, why should she that contentment grutch?
What, doth she all with continence indue?
No: But why then are they debar'd that state?
Is she become a foe vnto her owne?
Doth she the members of her body hate?
Or is it for some other cause vnshowne?
Oh yes: they find a womans lips so dainty;
They tye themselves from one, cause they'l have twenty.

Epigram.

Epigram. 7.

VV Omen, as some men say, vnconstant be;
'Tis like enough, and so no doubt are men:
Nay, if their scapes we could so plainely see,
I feare that scarce there will be one for ten.
Men have but their owne lusts that tempt to ill:
Women have lusts, and mens allurements to:
Alas, if their strengths cannot curbe their will;
What should poore women that are weaker do?
Oh they had need be chast, and looke about them,
That strive gainst lust within, and knaves without them.

FINIS.

Hh 2



THE SHEPHEARDS HVNTING:

Being certaine Eglogues written during the time of the Authors
Imprisonment in the
Marshalfey.

By George Wither, Gentleman.



LONDON,

Printed by T. S. for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls*-Church-yard, at the figne of the Greene Dragon, 1622.

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To those Honoured, Noble, and right Vertuous Friends, my Vifitants in the Marshalfey:

And to all other my vnknowne Fauourers, who either privately, or publikely wished me well in my imprisonment.

Oble Friends; you whose vertues made me first in love with Vertue; tue; and whose worths made mee be thought worthy of your loves: I

have now at last (you see) by Gods assistance, and your encouragement, run through the Purgatorie of imprisonment; and by the worthy

Hh4 favour

fauour of a iust Prince, stand free againe, without the least touch of deiected basenesse. Seeing therefore 7 was growne beyond my Hope so fortunate (after acknowledgement of my Creators love, together with the unequall'd Clemencie of so gracious a Soueraigne) I was troubled to thinke, by what meanes I might expresse my thankefulnes to so many well-deserving friends: No way I found to my defire, neither yet ability to performe when I found it. But at length considering with my selfe what you were (that is) fuch, who fauour honesty for no second reason, but because you yourselves are good; and ayme at no other reward, but the witneffe of a found conscience that you doe well, I found, that thankfulnesse would prove the acceptablest present to fute with your dispositions; and that I imagined could be no way better expressed, then in manifesting your courtesies, and giving consent to your reasonable demaunds. For the first, I confesse

confesse (with thankes to the disposer of all things, and a true gratefull heart towards you) so many were the vnexpected Visitations, and vnhoped kindnesses receyued, both from some among you of my Acquaintance, and many other vnknowne Well-willers of my Cause, that I was perswaded to entertaine a much better conceit of the Times, then I lately conceyued, and assured my selfe, that Vertue had far more followers then I supposed.

Somewhat it disturbed me to behold our ages Fauourites, whilst they frowned on my honest enterprises, to take vnto their protections the egregiousts fopperies: yet much more was my contentment, in that I was respected by so many of You, amongst who there are some, who can and may as much disesteme these, as they neglect me: nor could I feare their Malice or Contempt, whilst I enioyed your fauours, who (how soeuer you are vnder-valued by Fooles for a time) shall

shall leauevntoyour posterity so noble a memory, that your names shall be reverenced by Kings, when many of these who now flourish with a shew of vsurped Greatnesse, shall eyther weare out of being, or dispoyled of all their patched reputation, grow contemptible in the eyes of their beloved Mistris the World. Your Loue it is that (enabling me with patience to endure what is already past) hath made me also carefull better to prepare my selfe for all future misaduentures, by bringing to my consideration, what the passion of my iust discontentments had almost quite banished from my remembrance.

Further, to declare my thankefulnesse, in making apparant my willing minde to be commanded in any services of love, which you shalt hinke sit (though I want abilitie to performe great matters) yet I have according to some of your requests, been contented to give way to the printing of these Eglogues; which though it to many seeme

feeme a fleight matter, yet being well confidered of, may prove a ftrong argument of my readine fle to give you content in a greater matter: for they being (as you well know) begotten with little care, and preferved with lesse respect, gave sufficient evidence, that I meant (rather then any way to deceive your trust) to give the world occasion of calling my discretion in question, as I now assure my selfe this will: and the sooner, because such expectations (I perceive) there are (of I know not what Inventions) as would have been frustrated, though I had employed the vtmost and very best of my endeavours.

Notwithstanding for your sakes, I have heere adventured once againe to make tryall of the Worlds censures: and what hath receyved beeing from your Loues, I here re-dedicated to your Worths, which if your noble dispositions will like well of; or if you will but reasonably respect what your selves drew mee vnto, I shall he

be nothing displeased at others cauils, but resting my selfe contented with your good opinions, scorne all the rabble of vncharitable detractors: For none, I know, will maligne it, except those, who eyther particularly malice my perfon, or professe themselves enemies to my former Bookes; who (fauing those that were incensed on others speeches) as divers of you (according to your protestations) have observed, are eyther open enemies of our Church; men notoriously guilty of some particular Abuses therein taxt, fuch malicious Critickes who have the repute of being iudicious, by detracting from others; or at best, such Guls, as never approve any thing good, or learned, but eyther that which their shallow apprehensions can apply to the soothing of their owne opinions, or what (indeed rather) they understand not.

Trust me, how ill soeuer it hath been rewarded, my loue to my Country is inuiclate: my thanke-

thankefulnesse to you vnfained, my endeauour to doe euery man good; all my ayme, content with honestie: and this my paines (if it may be fo tearmed) more to avoid idlenesse, then for affectation of praise: and if notwithstanding all this, I must yet not onely rest my selfe content that my innocencie hath escaped with strict imprisonment (to the impayring of my state, and hinderance of my fortunes) but also be constrayned to see my guiltlesse lines, suffer the despight of ill tongues: yet for my further encouragement, let mee intreate the continuance of your first respect, wherein I shall find that comfort as will be sufficient to make mee set light, and so much contemne all the malice of my adversaries, that readie to burst with the venome of their owne hearts, they shall see

My Minde enamoured on faire *Vertues* light, Transcends the limits of their bleared sight, And plac'd aboue their *Enuy* doth contemne, Nay, sit and laugh at, their disdaine, and them.

But

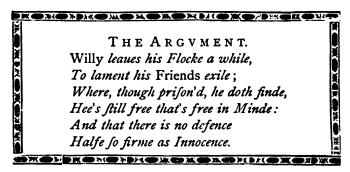
But Noble Friends, I make question neyther of yours, nor any honest mans respect, and therefore will no further vrge it, nor trouble your patience: onely this Ile fay, that you may not think me too well conceited of my selfe; though the Time were to blame, in ill requiting my honest endeauours, which in the eyes of the World deferued better; yet somewhat I am assured there was in me worthy that punishment, which when God shall give me grace to see and amend, I doubt not but to finde that regard as will be fitting for fo much merit as my endeauors may inftly challenge. Meane while, the better to hold my selfe in esteeme with you, and amend the worlds opinion of Vertue, I will study to amend my selfe, that I may be yet more worthy to be called

Your Friend,

GEO: WITHER.



The first Eglogue.



PHILARETE. WILLIE.

Philarete.



Illy, thou now full iolly tun'ft thy Reedes,
Making the Nympls enamor'd on thy strains,
And whilst thy harmles flock vnscarred feeds,
Hast the contentment, of hils, groues, & plains:

Trust me, I ioy thou and thy Muse so speeds In such an Age, where so much mischiese raignes: And to my Care it some redresse will be, Fortune hath so much grace to smile on thee.

Willy.

To fmile on me? I nere yet knew her fmile, Vnlesse 'twere when she purpos'd to deceiue me; Many a Traine, and many a painted Wile She casts, in hope of Freedome to bereaue me: Yet now, because she sees I scorne her guile To fawne on sooles, she for my Muse doth leaue me. And here of late, her wonted Spite doth tend, To worke me Care, by frowning on my friend.

Philarete.

Why then I fee her Copper-coyne's no starling,
'Twill not be currant still, for all the guilding)
A Knaue, or Foole, must ever be her Darling,
For they have minds to all occasions yeelding:
If we get any thing by all our parling.
It seemes an Apple, but it proves a Weilding:
But let that passe: sweet Shepheard tell me this,
For what beloved Friend thy sorrow is.

Willy.

Art thou, *Philarete*, in durance heere, And dost thou aske me for what *Friend* I grieue? Can I suppose thy loue to me is deere, Or this thy *ioy* for my *content* belieue?

When

When thou think'st thy cares touch not me as neere:
Or that I pinne thy Sorrowes at my sleeue?
I have in thee reposed so much trust,
I neuer thought, to find thee so vniust.

Philarete.

WIL, why Willy? Prethee doe not aske me why? Doth it diminish any of thy care,
That I in freedome maken melody;
And think'st I cannot as well somewhat spare
From my delight, to mone thy misery?
'Tis time our Loues should these suspects forbeare:
Thou art that friend, which thou vnnam'd shold'st know,
And not have drawne my loue in question so.

Philarete.

Forgiue me, and I'le pardon thy mistake,
And so let this thy gentle-anger cease,
(I neuer of thy loue will question make)
Whilst that the number of our dayes encrease,
Yet to my selfe I much might seeme to take,
And something neere vnto presumption prease:
To thinke me worthy loue from such a spirit,
But that I know thy kindnesse past my merit.

Besides; me thought thou spak'st now of a friend, That seem'd more grieuous discontents to beare, Some things I find that doe in shew offend, Which to my Patience little trouble are,

Ιi

And

And they ere long I hope will have an end;
Or though they have not, much I doe not care:
So this it was, made me that question move,
And not suspect of honest Willies love.

Willie.

Alas, thou art exiled from thy Flocke,
And quite beyond the *Defarts* here confin'd,
Hast nothing to converse with but a *Rocke*;
Or at least *Out-lawes* in their *Caues* halse pin'd:
And do'st thou at thy owne mis-fortune mocke,
Making thy selse to, to thy selse vnkinde?
When heretosore we talk't we did imbrace:
But now I scarce can come to see thy sace.

Philarete.

Yet all that Willy, is not worth thy forrow,
For I have Mirth here thou would'ft not beleeue,
From deepest cares the highest ioyes I borrow.
If ought chance out this day, may make me grieue
I'le learne to mend, or scorne it by to morrow.
This barren place yeelds somewhat to relieue:
For, I have sound sufficient to content me,
And more true bliffe then ever freedome lent me.

Willie.

Are Prisons then growne places of delight?

Phil-

Philarete.

'Tis as the conscience of the Prisoner is,

The very Grates are able to affright

The guilty Man, that knowes his deedes amisse;

All outward Pleasures are exiled quite,

And it is nothing (of it selfe) but this:

Abhorred loanenesse, darkenesse, sadnesse, paines,

Num'n-cold, sharpe-hunger, schorching thirst and chaines.

Willie.

And these are nothing?

Philarete.

Onely my friends restraint is all my paine.

And since I truely find my conscience free
From that my loanenesse to, I reape some gaine.

Willie.

But grant in this no discontentment be: It doth thy wished liberty restraine: And to thy foule I thinke there's nothing nearer, For I could neuer heare thee prize ought dearer.

Philarete.

True, I did euer set it at a Rate Too deare for any *Mortals* worth to buy, 'Tis not our greatest *Shepheards* whole estate, Shall purchase from me, my least *liberty*:

Ti 2

But

But I am subject to the powers of Fate,
And to obey them is no flauery:

They may doe much, but when they have done all,
Onely my body they may bring in thrall.

And 'tis not that (my Willy) 'tis my mind,
My mind's more precious, freedome I so weigh
A thousand wayes they may my body bind,
In thousand thrals, but ne're my mind betray:
And thence it is that I contentment find,
And beare with Patience this my loade away:
I'me still my selfe, and that I'de rather bee,
Then to be Lord of all these Downes in see.

Willie.

Nobly refolu'd, and I doe ioy to hear't,
For 'tis the minde of Man indeed that's all.
There's nought so hard but a brane heart will bear't,
The guiltlesse men count great afflictions small,
They'le looke on Death and Torment, yet not fear't,
Because they know 'tis rising so to fall:

Turgents may book they to much because are borne

Tyrants may boast they to much power are borne, Yet he hath more that Tyranies can scorne.

Philarete.

'Tis right, but I no *Tyranies* endure, Nor haue I suffered ought worth name of care

Willie.

Willie.

What e're thou'lt call't, thou may'ft, but I am fure, Many more pine that much lesse pained are:
Thy looke me thinkes doth say thy meaning's pure And by this past I find what thou do'st dare:
But I could neuer yet the reason know,
Why thou art lodged in this house of wo.

Philarete.

Nor I by Pan, nor neuer hope to doe,
But thus it pleases some; and I doe guesse
Partly a cause that moues them thereunto,
Which neither will auaile me to expresse,
Nor thee to heare, and therefore let it goe,
We must not say, they doe so that oppresse:
Yet I shall ne're to sooth them or the times,
Iniure my selfe, by bearing others crimes.

Willie.

Then now thou maist speake freely, there's none heares, But he, whom I doe hope thou do'st not doubt.

Philarete.

True: but if doores and walles have gotten eares,
And Closet-whisperings may be spread about:
Doe not blame him that in such causes seares
What in his Passion he may blunder out:
In such a place, and such strict times as these,
Where what we speake is tooke as others please.

Ii 3

But

But yet to morrow, if thou come this way,
I'le tell thee all my ftory to the end,
'Tis long, and now I feare thou canst not stay,
Because thy Flocke must watred be and pend,
And Night begins to mussle vp the day,
Which to informe thee how alone I spend,
I'le onely sing a forry Prisoners Lay,
I fram'd this Morne, which though it suits no fields,
Is such as fits me, and sad Thraldome yeelds.

Willie.

Well, I will fet my Kit another string, And play vnto it whil'st that thou do'st sing.

Sonnet.

Philarete.

Ow that my body dead-aliue,
Bereau'd of comfort, lies in thrall.
Doe thou my foule begin to thriue,
And vnto Hony, turne this Gall:

So shall we both through outward wo, The way to inward comfort know.

As to the Flesh we food do give; To keepe in vs this Mortall breath: So, Soules on Meditations live, And shunne thereby immortall death:

Nor

Nor art thou euer neerer rest, Then when thou find st me most opprest.

First thinke my Soule; If I have Foes
That take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure these outward woes,
Have thus entrapt me vnaware:
Thou should st by much more carefull bee,
Since greater foes lay waite for thee.

Then when Mew'd vp in grates of steele,
Minding those ioyes, mine eyes doe misse,
Thou find'st no torment thou do'st feele,
So grieuous as Privation is:
Muse how the Damn'd in stames that glow,
Pine in the losse of blisse they know.

Thou seeft there's given so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright,
Which, if in any thou espie.
Thus thinke; If Mortals frownes strike feare,
How dreadfull will Gods wrath appeare?

By my late hopes that now are crost, Consider those that firmer be: And make the freedome I have lost, A meanes that may remember thee:

I i 4

Had

Had Christ, not thy Redeemer bin, What horrid thrall thou had'st been in.

These yron chaines, these bolts of steele,
Which other poore offenders grind,
The wants and cares which they doe seele,
May bring some greater thing to mind:
For by their griefe thou shalt doe well,
To thinke upon the paines of Hell.

Or, when through me thou seest a Man Condemn'd vnto a mortall death,
How sad he lookes, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with feare his panting breath:
Thinke, if in that, such griefe thou see,
How sad will, Goe yee cursed be.

Againe, when he that fear'd to Dye
(Past hope) doth see his Pardon brought,
Reade but the ioy that's in his eye,
And then conuey it to thy thought:
There thinke, betwixt thy heart and thee,
How sweet will, Come yee blessed, bee.

Thus if thou doe, though closed here, My bondage I shall deeme the lesse, I neither shall have cause to seare, Nor yet bewaile my sad distresse:

For

For whether live, or pine, or dye, We shall have blisse eternally.

Willy.

Trust me I see the Cage doth some Birds good,
And if they doe not suffer too much wrong,
Will teach them sweeter descants then the wood:
Beleeue't, I like the subject of thy Song,
It shewes thou art in no distempred mood:
But cause to heare the residue I long,
My Sheepe to morrow I will neerer bring,
And spend the day to heare thee talk and sing.

Yet e're we part, *Philarete*, areed,
Of whom thou learnd'st to make such songs as these,
I neuer yet heard any Shepheards reede
Tune in mishap, a straine that more could please;
Surely, *Thou* do'st inuoke at this thy neede
Some power, that we neglect in other layes:
For heer's a Name, and words, that but sew swaines
Haue mention'd at their meeting on the Plaines.

Philarete.

Indeed 'tis true; and they are fore to blame,
They doe so much neglect it in their Songs,
For, thence proceedeth such a worthy same,
As is not subject vnto Enuies wrongs:
That, is the most to be respected name
Of our true Pan, whose worth sits on all tongues:

And

And what the ancient Shepheards vse to prayse In sacred Anthemes, vpon Holy-dayes.

Hee that first taught his Musicke such a straine Was that sweet Shepheard, who (vntill a King) Kept Sheepe vpon the hony-milky Plaine, That is inrich't by *Iordans* watering; He in his troubles eas'd the bodies paines, By measures rais'd to the Soules rauishing:

And his sweet numbers onely most diuine, Gaue first the being to this Song of mine.

Willy.

Let his good spirit euer with thee dwell, That I might heare such Musicke euery day.

Philarete.

Thankes, Swaine: but harke, thy Weather rings his Bell. And Swaines to fold, or homeward driue away.

Willy.

And you goes *Cuddy*, therefore fare thou well: I'le make his Sheepe for mee a little stay; And, if thou thinke it fit, I'le bring him to, Next morning hither.

Philarete.
Prethee, Willy, do.

FINIS.

The second Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT. Cuddy here relates, how all Pitty Philarete's thrall. Who, requested, doth relate The true cause of his estate; Which broke off, because' twas long, They begin, a three-man-Song.

WILLY. CVDDY. PHILARETE.

Willy.

O, Philaret, thy old friend heere, and I,
Are come to visit thee in these thy Bands,
Whil'st both our Flocks in an Inclosure by,
Doe picke the thin grasse from the fallowed lands.
He tels me thy restraint of liberty,
Each one throughout the Country vnderstands:
And there is not a gentle-natur'd Lad
On all these Downes, but for thy sake is sad.

Cuddy.

Cuddy.

Not thy acquaintance, and thy friends alone,
Pitty thy close restraint, as friends should doe:
But some that haue but seene thee, for thee moane:
Yea, many that did neuer see thee to.
Some deeme thee in a fault, and most in none;
So divers wayes doe divers Rumors goe
And at all meetings where our Shepheards bee,
Now the maine Newes that's extant, is of thee.

Philarete.

Why, this is somewhat yet: had I but kept
Sheepe on the *Mountaines*, till the day of doome,
My name should in obscuritie haue slept
In Brakes, in Briars, shrubbed Furze and Broome.
Into the Worlds wide eare it had not crept,
Nor in so many mens thoughts sound a roome:
But what cause of my sufferings doe they know?
Good Cuddy, tell me, how doth rumour goe?

Cuddy.

Faith 'tis vncertaine; fome speake this, some that:
Some dare say nought, yet seeme to thinke a cause,
And many a one prating he knowes not what;
Comes out with Pronerbes and old ancient sawes,
As if he thought thee guiltlesse, and yet not:
Then doth he speake halfe Sentences, then pawse:
That what the most would say, we may suppose;
But, what to say, the Rumour is, none knowes.

Philarete.

Philarete.

Nor care I greatly; for, it skils not much,
What the vnfteady common-people deemes,
His Conscience doth not alwaies feele least touch,
That blamelesse in the sight of others seemes:
My cause is honest, and because 'tis such,
I hold it so, and not for mens esteemes:
If they speake iustly well of mee, I'me glad;
If falsely euill, it ne're makes me fad.

Willy.

I like that mind: but, Shepheard, you are quite Beside the matter that I long to heare:
Remember what you promis'd yester-night,
Youl'd put vs off with other talke, I seare;
Thou know'st that honest Cuddies heart's vpright,
And none but he, except my selfe, is neere:
Come therefore, and betwixt vs two relate,
The true occasion of thy present state.

Philarete.

My Friends I will; You know I am a Swaine, That kept a poore Flocke on a barren Plaine: Who though it feemes, I could doe nothing lesse, Can make a Song, and woe a Shepheardesse. And not alone the fairest where I liue, Haue heard me sing, and sauours daign'd to giue: But, though I say't, the noblest Nymph of Thame, Hath grac'd my Verse, vnto my greater same.

Yet.

Yet, being young, and not much feeking prayle, I was not noted out for Shepheards layes: Nor feeding Flocks, as, you know, others be: For the delight that most possessed me Was hunting Foxes, Wolves, and Beasts of Prey: That spoyle our Foulds, and beare our Lambs away. For this, as also for the loue I beare Vnto my Country, I laid-by all care Of gaine, or of preferment, with desire Onely to keepe that state I had entire. And like a true growne Huntsman sought to speed My felfe with Hounds of rare and choyfest breed, Whose Names and Natures ere I surther goe, Because you are my friends I'le let you know. My first esteemed Dogge that I did finde, Was by descent of olde Acteons kinde; A Brache, which if I doe not aime amisse, For all the world is iust like one of his: She's named Loue, and scarce yet knowes her duty; Her Damme's my Ladies pretty Beagle, Beauty. I bred her vp my felfe with wondrous charge, Vntill she grew to be exceeding large, And waxt so wanton, that I did abhorre it, And put her out amongst my neighbours for it. The next is $Lu\beta$, a Hound that's kept abroad Mongst some of mine acquaintance, but a Toad Is not more loathsome: 'tis a Curre will range Extreamely, and is ever full of mange:

And

And cause it is insectious, she's not wunt To come among the rest, but when they hunt. Hate is the third, a Hound both deepe and long: His Sire is True, or else supposed Wrong. He'le haue a fnap at all that passe him by, And yet pursues his game most eagerly. With him goes *Enuie* coupled, a leane Curre, And yet she'le hold out, hunt we ne're so farre: She pineth much, and feedeth little to. Yet stands and snarleth at the rest that doe. Then there's Revenge, a wondrous deep-mouth'd dog, So fleet, I'me faine to hunt him with a clog, Yet many times he'le much out-strip his bounds, And hunts not closely with the other Hounds: He'le venter on a Lyon in his ire; Curst Choller was his Damme, and Wrong his Sire. This Choller, is a Brache, that's very old, And spends her mouth too-much to haue it hold: She's very teasty; an unpleasing Curre, That bites the very Stones, if they but sturre: Or when that ought but her displeasure moues, She'le bite and fnap at any one she loues. But my quicke scented'st Dogge is *Iaelousie*, The truest of this breede's in Italie. The Damme of mine would hardly fill a Gloue, It was a Ladies little Dogge, cal'd Loue: The Sire a poore deformed Curre, nam'd Feare; As shagged and as rough as is a Beare:

And

And yet the Whelpe turn'd after neither kinde, For he is very large, and nere-hand blinde. Farre-off, hee feemeth of a pretty culler, But doth not proue fo, when you view him fuller. A vile suspitious Beast; whose lookes are bad, And I doe feare in time he will grow mad. To him I couple Auarice, still poore; Yet shee deuoures as much as twenty more: A thousand Horse shee in her paunch can put, Yet whine, as if she had an emptie gut; And having gorg'd what might a Land have found, Shee'le catch for more, and, hide it in the ground. Ambition is a Hound as greedy full; But hee for all the daintieft bits doth cull: Hee scornes to licke vp Crumbs beneath the Table, Hee'le fetch't from boards and shelues, if he be able: Nay, hee can climbe, if neede be; and for that With him I hunt the *Martine*, and the *Cat*: And yet sometimes in mounting, hee's so quicke, Hee fetches falls, are like to breake his necke. Feare is wel-mouth'd, but subject to Distrust; A Stranger cannot make him take a Crust: A little thing will foone his courage quaile, And 'twixt his legges hee euer claps his Taile. With him, *Despaire*, now, often coupled goes, Which by his roring mouth each hunts-man knowes. None hath a better minde vnto the game; But hee giues off, and alwaies feemeth lame.

Мy

My bloud-hound *Cruelty*, as fwift as wind, Hunts to the death, and neuer comes behind; Who, but she's strapt, and musled to, withall, Would eate her fellowes and the prey and all. And yet, she cares not much for any food; Vnlesse it be the purest harmelesse blood.

All these are kept abroad at charge of meny, They doe not cost me in a yeare a penny. But there's two couple of a midling fize, That feldome passe the sight of my owne eyes. Hope, on whose head I'ue laid my life to pawne; Compassion, that on every one will fawne. This would, when 'twas a whelpe, with Rabets play Or Lambes, and let them goe vnhurt away: Nay, now she is of growth, shee'le now and then Catch you a Hare, and let her goe agen. The two last, *loy*, and *Sorrow*; make me wonder, For they can ne're agree, nor bide afunder. *loy's* euer wanton, and no order knowes, She'le run at Larkes, or stand and barke at Crowes. Sorrow goes by her, and ne're moues his eye: Yet both doe ferue to helpe make vp the cry: Then comes behinde all these to beare the base, Two couple more of a farre larger Race, Such wide-mouth'd *Trollops*, that 'twould doe you good, To heare their loud-loud *Ecchoes* teare the Wood: There's Vanity, who by her gaudy Hide, May farre away from all the rest be spide, Though Κk

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Though huge, yet quicke, for she's now here, now there; Nay, looke about you, and she's euery where: Yet euer with the rest, and still in chace, Right so, *Inconstancie* fils euery place; And yet so strange a fickle natur'd Hound, Looke for her, and she's no where to be found. Weakenesse is no faire Dogge vnto the eye, And yet she hath her proper qualitie. But there's *Presumption*, when he heat hath got, He drownes the *Thunder*, and the *Cannon-shot*: And when at Start, he his full roaring makes, The Earth doth tremble, and the Heauen shakes: These were my Dogs, ten couple iust in all, Whom by the name of Satyres I doe call: Mad Curs they be, and I can ne're come nigh them, But I'me in danger to be bitten by them. Much paines I tooke, and spent dayes not a few, To make them keepe together, and hunt true: Which yet I doe suppose had neuer bin, But that I had a Scourge to keepe them in. Now when that I this Kennell first had got, Out of mine owne Demeanes I hunted not. Saue on these Downes, or among yonder Rocks, After those beasts that spoyl'd our Parish Flockes: Nor during that time, was I euer wont, With all my Kennell in one day to hunt: Nor had done yet, but that this other yeere, Some Beasts of *Prey* that haunt the *Deserts* heere,

Did

Did not alone for many Nights together Deuoure, sometime a Lambe, sometime a Weather: And so disquiet many a poore mans Heard, But thereof loofing all were much afeard. Yea, I among the rest, did fare as bad, Or rather worse; for the best * Ewes I had, Hopes. (Whose breed should be my meanes of life and gaine, Were in one Euening by these Monsters slaine: Which mischiese I resolued to repay, Or else grow desperate and hunt all away. For in a furie fuch as you shall see Hunts-men, in missing of their sport will be) I vow'd a Monster should not lurke about In all this Province, but I'de finde him out. And thereupon without respect or care, How lame, how full, or how vnfit they were, In haft vnkennell'd all my roaring crew, Who were as mad, as if my mind they knew; And e're they trail'd a flight-shot, the fierce Curres, Hadrous'da Hart, and through Brakes, Bryars, and Furres Follow'd at gaze so close, that Loue and Feare Got in together, and had furely, there Ouite ouerthrowne him, but that *Hope* thrust in 'Twixt both, and fau'd the pinching of his skin. Whereby he scap't, till coursing ouerthwart, Despaire came in, and grip't him to the hart. I hallowed in the resdue to the fall. And for an entrance, there I flesh't them all:

K k 2 Which

Which hauing done, I dip'd my staffe in blood And onward led my Thunder to the Wood; Where what they did, I'le tell you out anon, My keeper calles me, and I must be gon. Goe, if you please a while, attend your Flocks, And when the Sunne is ouer yonder Rocks, Come to this Caue againe, where I will be, If that my Gardian, so much fauour me.

Yet if you please, let vs three sing a straine, Before you turne your sheepe into the Plaine.

Song.

Willie.

S Hepheard, would these Gates were ope, Thou might'st take with vs thy fortunes.

Phil.

Philarete.

No, I'le make this narrow scope, (Since my Fate doth so importune) Meanes vnto a wider Hope.

Cuddy.

Would thy Shepheardeffe were here, Who belou'd, loues fo dearely?

Philarete.

Not for both your Flocks, I sweare, And the gaine they yeeld you yeerely, Would I so much wrong my Deare.

Yet, to me, nor to this Place, Would she now be long a stranger: She would hold it in disgrace, (If she fear'd not more my danger) Where I am to shew her face.

Willie.

Shepheard, we would wish no harmes, But something that might content thee.

Philarete.

Wish me then within her armes; And that wish will ne're repent me, If your wishes might proue charmes.

Kk 3

Willie.

Willie.

Be thy Prison her embrace, Be thy ayre her sweetest breathing.

Cuddy.

Be thy prospect her sweet Face, For each looke a kisse bequeathing, And appoint thy selfe the place.

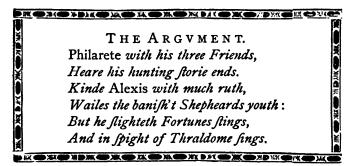
Philarete.

Nay pray, hold there, for I should scantly then, Come meete you here this afternoone agen: But fare you well, since wishes have no power, Let vs depart and keepe the pointed houre.

The

ಚುವವಾದು Hunting.

The third Eglogue.



PHILARETE. CVDDY. ALEXIS. WILLY.

Philarete.

SO, now I fee y'are Shepheards of your word, Thus were you wont to promife, and to doe.

Cuddy.

More then our promise is, we can afford, We come our selues, and bring another to: Alexis, whom thou know'st well is no soe:

Kk4

Who

Who loues thee much: and I doe know that he Would faine a hearer of thy Hunting be.

Philarete.

Alexis you are welcome, for you know
You cannot be but welcome where I am;
You euer were a friend of mine in show,
And I haue found you are indeed the same:
Vpon my first restraint you hither came,
And prossered me more tokens of your loue,
Then it were fit my small deserts should proue.

Alexis.

'Tis still your vse to vnderprise your merit; Be not so coy to take my proffered loue, 'Twill neither vnbeseeme your worth nor spirit. To offer court'sie doth thy friend behoue: And which are so, this is a place to proue. Then once againe I say, if cause there be. First make a tryall, if thou please, of me.

Philarete.

Thankes good Alexis; sit downe by me heere, I have a taske, these Shepheards know, to doe; A Tale already told this Morne well neere, With which I very saine would forward goe, And am as willing thou should'st heare it to:

But thou canst neuer understand this last,
Till I have also told thee what is past.

Willie.

Willy.

It shall not neede, for I so much presum'd,
I on your mutuall friendships, might be bold,
That I a freedome to my selfe assum'd,
To make him know, what is already told.
If I haue done amisse, then you may scold.
But in my telling I preuised this,
He knew not whose, nor to what end it is.

Philarete.

Well, now he may, for heere my Tale goes on: My eager Dogges and I to Wood are gon. Where, beating through the Conuerts, euery Hound A feuerall Game had in a moment found: I rated them, but they purfu'd their pray, And as it fell (by hap) tooke all one way. Then I began with quicker speed to follow, And teaz'd them on, with a more chearefull hallow: That foone we passed many weary miles, Tracing the fubtile game through all their wiles. These doubl'd, those re-doubled on the scent, Still keeping in full chase where ere they went. Vp Hils, downe Cliffes, through Bogs, and ouer Plaines, Stretching their Musicke to the highest straines. That when some Thicket hid them from mine eye, My eare was rauish'd with their melodie. Nor croft we onely Ditches, Hedges, Furrowes, But Hamlets, Tithings, Parishes, and Burrowes:

They

They followed where fo eu'r the game did go, Through Kitchin, Parlor, Hall, and Chamber to. And, as they pass'd the City, and the Court, My Prince look'd out, and daign'd to view my fport. Which then (although I fuffer for it now) (If some fay true) he liking did allow; And so much (had I had but wit to stay) I might my felse (perhaps) haue heard him say. But I, that time, as much as any daring, More for my pleasure then my safetie caring; Seeing fresh game from euery couert rise, (Croffing by thousands still before their eyes) Rush'd in, and then following close my Hounds, Some beafts I found lie dead, some full of wounds, Among the willows, scarce with strength to moue, One I found heere, another there, whom Loue Had grip'd to death: and, in the selfe-same state, Lay one deuour'd by *Enuy*, one by *Hate*; Lust had bit some, but I soone past beside them, Their festr'd wounds so stuncke, none could abide them. Choller hurt divers, but Revenge kild more: Feare frighted all, behinde him and before. Despaire draue on a huge and mighty heape, Forcing some downe from Rocks and Hils to leape: Some into water, fome into the fire, So on themselves he made them wreake his ire. But I remember, as I pass'd that way, Where the great King and Prince of Shepheards lay, About

About the wals were hid, fome (once more knowne) That my fell Curre Ambition had o'rethrowne: Many I heard, purfu'd by Pitty, cry; And oft I faw my Bloud-Hound, Cruelty, Eating her passage even to the hart, Whither once gotten, she is loath to part. All pli'd it well, and made fo loud a cry, 'Twas heard beyond the Shores of Britany. Some rated them, some storm'd, some lik'd the game, Some thought me worthy praise, some worthy blame. But I, not fearing th'one, mif-steeming t'other, Both, in shrill hallowes and loud yernings smother. Yea, the strong mettled, and my long-breath'd crew, Seeing the game increasing in their view, Grew the more frolicke, and the courses length Gaue better breath, and added to their strength. Which *Ioue* perceiuing, for *Ioue* heard their cries Rumbling amongst the Spheares concauities: Hee mark'd their course, and courages increase, Saying, 'twere pitty fuch a chase should cease. And therewith fwore their mouthes should neuer wast, But hunt as long's mortality did last. Soone did they feele the power of his great gift, And I began to finde their pace more fwift: I follow'd, and I rated, but in vaine Striu'd to o'retake, or take them vp againe. They neuer stayed since, nor nights nor dayes, But to and fro still run a thousand wayes:

Yea,

Yea, often to this place where now I lie, They'l wheele about to cheare me with their cry; And one day in good time will vengeance take On fome offenders, for their Masters sake: For know, my Friends, my freedome in this fort For them I lose, and making my selfe sport.

Willy.

Why? was there any harme at all in this?

Philarete.

No, Willy, and I hope yet none there is.

Willy.

How comes it then?-

Philarete.

Thou know'ft that Truth and Innocency now, If plac'd with meannesse, suffers more despight Then Villainies, accompan'ed with might. But thus it fell, while that my Hounds pursu'd Their noysome prey, and euery field laid strew'd With Monsters, hurt and slaine; vpon a beast, More subtile, and more noysome then the rest, My leane-slanckt Bitch, cald Enuy, hapt to light: And, as her wont is, did so surely bite, That, though shee lest behinde small outward smart, The wounds were deepe, and rankled to the hart. This, joyning to some other, that of late, Were very eagerly pursu'd by Hate,

(To

(To fit their purpose having taken leasure) Did thus conspire to worke me a displeasure. For imitation, farre surpassing Apes, They laide aside their Foxe and Woluish shapes, And shrowded in the skinnes of harmlesse Sheepe Into by-wayes, and open paths did creepe; Where, they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly, Shewing their wounds to euery passer by; To make them thinke that they were sheepe so foyl'd, And by my Dogges, in their late hunting, spoyl'd. Beside, some other that enuy'd my game, And, for their pastime, kept such Monsters tame: As, you doe know, there's many for their pleafure Keepe Foxes, Beares, & Wolues, as some great treasure: Yea, many get their liuing by them to, And fo did store of these, I speake of, do. Who, feeing that my Kennell had affrighted. Or hurt some Vermine wherein they delighted; And finding their owne power by much to weake, Their Malice on my Innocence to wreake, Swolne with the deepest rancour of despight, Some of our greatest Shepheards Folds by night They closely entred; and there having stain'd Their hands in villany, of mee they plain'd, Affirming, (without shame, or honesty,) I, and my Dogges, had done it purposely. Whereat they storm'd, and cald mee to a tryall, Where Innocence preuailes not, nor denyall:

But

But for that cause, heere in this place I lie, Where none so merry as my dogges, and I.

Cuddy.

Beleeue it, heere's a *Tale* will futen well, For *Shepheards* in another *Age* to tell.

Willy.

And thou shalt be remembred with delight,
By this, hereafter, many a Winters night.
For, of this sport another Age will ring;
Yea, Nymphes that are vnborne thereof shall sing,
And not a Beauty on our Greenes shall play,
That hath not heard of this thy hunting day.

Philarete.

It may be so, for if that gentle Swaine, Who wonnes by Tauy, on the Westerne plaine, Would make the Song, such life his Verse can giue, Then I doe know my Name might euer liue.

Alexis.

But tell me; are our *Plaines* and *Nymphs* forgot, And canst thou frolicke in thy trouble be?

Philarete.

Can I, Alexis, fayst thou? Can I not, That am resolu'd to scorne more misery?

Alexis.

Alexis.

Oh, but that youth's yet greene, and young bloud hot, And *liberty* must needs be sweet to thee. But, now most sweet whil'st euery bushy *Vale*, And *Groue*, and *Hill*, rings of the *Nightingale*.

Me thinkes, when thou remembrest those fweet layes Which thou would'st leade thy Shepheardesse to heare, Each Euening tyde among the Leauy sprayes, The thought of that should make thy freedome deare: For now, whil'st euery Nymph on Holy-dayes Sports with some iolly Lad, and maketh cheere, Thine, sighes for thee, and mew'd vp from resort, Will neither play her selfe, nor see their sport.

Those Shepheards that were many a Morning wont,
Vnto their Boyes to leave the tender Heard;
And beare thee company when thou didst hunt;
Me thinkes the sport thou hast so gladly shar'd
Among those Swaynes should make thee thinke vpon't,
For't seemes all vaine, now, that was once indear'd.
It cannot be: since I could make relation,
How for lesse cause thou hast beene deepe in passion.

Philarete.

'Tis true: my tender heart was euer yet Too capable of fuch conceits as these; I neuer saw that *Obiect*, but from it, The *Passions* of my *Loue* I could encrease.

Those

Those things which moue not other men a whit, I can, and doe make vse of, if I please:

When I am sad, to sadnesse I apply,
Each Bird, and Tree, and Flowre that I passe by.

So, when I will be merry, I aswell
Something for mirth from every thing can draw,
From Miserie, from Prisons, nay from Hell:
And as when to my minde, griese gives a slaw,
Best comforts doe but make my woes more sell:
So when I'me bent to Mirth, from mischieses paw.
(Though ceas'd vpon me) I would something cull,
That spight of care, should make my ioyes more full.

I feele those wants, Alexis, thou does name, Which spight of youths affections I sustaine; Or else, for what is't I have gotten Fame, And am more knowne then many an elder Swaine? If such desires I had not learn'd to tame, (Since many pipe much better on this Plaine:)

But tune your Reedes, and I will in a Song, Expresse my Care, and how I take this Wrong.

Sonnet.

I That ere'st-while the worlds sweet Ayre did draw, (Grac'd by the fairest ever Mortall saw;)

Now

Now closely pent, with walles of Ruth-lesse stone, Consume my Dayes, and Nights and all alone.

When I was wont to fing of Shepheards loues, My walkes were Fields, and Downes, and Hils, and Groues: But now (alas) fo strict is my hard doome, Fields, Downes, Hils, Groues, and al's but one poore roome.

Each Morne, as soone as Day-light did appeare, With Natures Musicke Birds would charme mine eare: Which now (instead) of their melodious straines, Heare, ratling Shackles, Gyues, and Boults, and Chaines.

But, though that all the world's delight for sake me, I have a Muse, and she shall Musicke make me: Whose ayrie Notes, in spight of closest cages, Shall give content to me, and after ages.

Nor doe I passe for all this outward ill, My hearts the same, and vndeiested still; And which is more then some in freedome winne, I have true rest, and peace, and ioy within.

And then my Mind, that spight of prison's free, When ere she pleases any where can be; Shee's in an houre, in France, Rome, Turky, Spaine, In Earth, in Hell, in Heauen, and here againe.

Ll

Yet there's another comfort in my woe,
My cause is spread, and all the world may know,
My fault's no more, but speaking Truth, and Reason;
No Debt, nor Thest, nor Murther, Rape, or Treason.

Nor shall my foes with all their Might and Power, Wipe out their shame, nor yet this fame of our: Which when they finde, they shall my fate enuie, Till they grow leane, and sicke, and mad, and die.

Then though my Body here in Prison rot, And my wrong'd Satyres seeme a while forgot: Yet, when both Fame, and life hath left those men, My Verse and I'le reviue, and live agen.

So thus enclos'd, I beare afflictions load, But with more true content then some abroad; For whilst their thoughts, doe feele my Scourges sting, In bands I'le leape, and dance, and laugh, and sing.

Alexis.

Why now I fee thou droup'st not with thy care, Neither exclaim'st thou on thy hunting day; But dost with vnchang'd resolution beare, The heavy burthen of exile away. All that did truely know thee, did conceaue, Thy actions with thy spirit still agree'd; Their good conceit thou doest no whit bereaue, But shewest that thou art still thy selfe indeed.

If

If that thy mind to basenesse now descends, Thou'lt iniure *Vertue*, and deceive thy friends.

Willie.

Alexis, he will injure Vertue much, But more his friends, and most of all himselfe, If on that common barre his minde but touch. It wrackes his fame vpon difgraces shelfe. Whereas if thou steere on that happy course, Which in thy iust aduenture is begun; No thwarting Tide, nor aduerfe blaft shall force Thy Barke without the Channels bounds to run. Thou art the same thou wert, for ought I see, When thou didst freely on the Mountaines hunt, In nothing changed yet, vnlesse it be More merrily dispos'd then thou wert wont. Still keepe thee thus, fo other shall know, Vertue can give content in midst of woe. And she (though mightines with frownes doth threat) That, to be Innocent, is to be great, Thriue and farewell.-

Alexis.

In this thy trouble flourish.

Cuddy.

While those that wish thee ill, fret, pine, and perish.

Ll 2 The

The fourth Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT. Philaret on Willy calls, To fing out his Pastorals: Warrants Fame shall grace his Rimes, Spight of Enuy and the Times; And shewes how in care he vses, To take comfort from his Muses.

PHILARETE. WILLIE.

Philarete.

PRethee, Willy tell me this,
What new accident there is,
That thou (once the blythest Lad)
Art become so wondrous sad?
And so carelesse of thy quill,
As if thou had'st lost thy skill?
Thou wert wont to charme thy flocks,
And among the massy rocks

Haft

Hast so chear'd me with thy Song,
That I have forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee surely crost,
That thy old want thou hast lost.
Tell me: Haue I ought missaid
That hath made thee ill-apaid?
Hath some Churle done thee a spight?
Dost thou misse a Lambe to night?
Frowns thy sairest Shepheards Lasse?
Or how comes this ill to passe?
Is there any discontent
Worse then this my banishment?

Willie.

Why, doth that so euill seeme
That thou nothing worst dost deeme?
Shepheards, there full many be,
That will change Contents with thee.
Those that choose their Walkes at will,
On the Valley or the Hill.
Or those pleasures boast of can,
Groues or Fields may yeeld to man:
Neuer come to know the rest,
Wherewithall thy minde is blest.
Many a one that oft resorts
To make vp the troope at sports.
And in company some while,
Happens to straine forth a smile.

L1 3

Feeles

Feeles more want, and outward smart,
And more inward griese of hart
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy mind remaineth free.
Thou bewail'st my want of mirth,
But what find'st thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may be beleeu'd
Worth to make me Ioy'd; or grieu'd?
And yet seele I (naithelesse)
Part of both I must confesse.
Sometime, I of mirth doe borrow,
Otherwhile as much of forrow;
But, my present state is such,
As, nor Ioy, nor grieue I much.

Philarete.

Why, hath Willy then so long Thus forborne his wonted Song? Wherefore doth he now let fall, His well-tuned Pastorall? And my eares that musike barre, Which I more long after farre, Then the liberty I want.

Willy.

That, were very much to grant, But, doth this hold alway lad, Those that fing not, must be sad?

Did'ft

Did'ft thou euer that Bird heare Sing well; that fings all the yeare? Tom the Piper doth not play Till he weares his Pipe away: There's a time to flacke the string, And a time to leaue to sing.

Philarete.

Yea; but no man now is still, That can fing, or tune a quill. Now to chant it, were but reason; Song and Muncke are in season. Now in this fweet iolly tide, Is the earth in all her pride: The faire Lady of the May Trim'd vp in her best array: Hath inuited all the Swaines. With the Lasses of the Plaines. To attend vpon her fport At the places of refort. Coridon (with his bould Rout) Hath alredy been about For the elder Shepheards dole, And fetch'd in the Summer-Pole: Whil'st the rest have built a Bower. To defend them from a shower; Seil'd so close, with boughes all greene, Tytan cannot pry betweene.

LI4

Now

Now the Dayrie-Wenches dreame Of their Strawberries and Creame: And each doth her felfe aduance To be taken in, to dance: Euery one that knowes to fing, Fits him for his Carrolling: So do those that hope for meede, Either by the Pipe or Reede: And though I am kept away, I doe heare (this very day) Many learned Groomes doe wend, For the Garlands to contend. Which a Nimph that hight Defart, (Long a stranger in this part) With her own faire hand hath wrought A rare worke (they fay) past thought, As appeareth by the name, For the cals them Wreathes of Fame. She hath fet in their due place Eu'ry flowre that may grace; And among a thousand moe, (Whereof fome but ferue for fhew) She hath woue in Daphnes tree, That they may not blasted be. Which with Time she edg'd about, Least the worke should rauell out. And that it might wither neuer, I intermixt it with Live-ever.

Thefe

These are to be shar'd among, Those that doe excell for fong: Or their passions can rehearse In the smooth'st and sweetest verse. Then, for those among the rest, That can play and pipe the best. There's a Kidling with the Damme, A fat Weather, and a Lambe. And for those that leapen far, Wrastle, Runne, and throw the Barre, There's appointed guerdons to. He, that best, the first can doe, Shall, for his reward, be paid, With a Sheep-hooke, faire in-laid With fine Bone, of a strange Beast That men bring out of the West. For the next, a Scrip of red, Tassel'd with fine coloured Thred, There's prepared for their meed, That in running make most speede, (Or the cunning Measures foote) Cups of turned Maple-roote: Whereupon the skilfull man Hath ingrau'd the Loues of Pan: And the last hath for his due, A fine Napkin wrought with blew. Then, my Willy, why art thou Carelesse of thy merit now?

What

What dost thou heere, with a wight That is shut vp from delight, In a solitary den, As not fit to live with men? Goe, my Willy, get thee gone, Leaue mee in exile alone. Hye thee to that merry throng, And amaze them with thy Song. Thou art young, yet fuch a Lay Neuer grac'd the month of May, As (if they prouoke thy skill) Thou canst fit vnto thy Quill, I with wonder heard thee fing, At our last yeeres Reuelling. Then I with the rest was free, When vnknowne I noted thee: And perceiu'd the ruder Swaines, Enuy thy farre sweeter straines. Yea, I faw the Lasses cling Round about thee in a Ring: As if each one lealous were, Any but her selfe should heare. And I know they yet do long For the res'due of thy fong. Hast thee then to sing it forth; Take the benefit of worth. And Defert will fure bequeath Fames faire Garland for thy wreath, Hye thee, Willy, hye away.

Willy.

Willy.

Phila, rather let mee stay, And be desolate with thee. Then at those their Reuels bee, Nought fuch is my skill I wis, As indeed thou deem'st it is. But what ere it be, I must Be content, and shall I trust. For a Song I doe not passe, Mong'st my friends, but what (alas) Should I have to doe with them That my Musicke doe contemne? Some there are, as well I wot, That the same yet fauour not: Yet I cannot well auow. They my Carrols disalow: But fuch malice I have spid, 'Tis as much as if they did.

Philarete.

Willy, What may those men be, Are so ill, to malice thee?

Willy.

Some are worthy-well esteem'd, Some without worth are so deem'd. Others of so base a spirit, They have nor esteeme, nor merit.

Phil.

| Philarete | P | hi | Za | re | te |
|-----------|---|----|----|----|----|
|-----------|---|----|----|----|----|

What's the wrong?

Willy.

Philarete.

What, because some Clowne offends, Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

Willy.

Do not, Phill, mif-vnderstand mee,
Those that loue mee may command mee,
But, thou know'st, I am but yong,
And the Pastorall I sung,
Is by some suppos'd to be,
(By a straine) too high for me:
So they kindly let me gaine,
Not my labour for my paine.
Trust me, I doe wonder why
They should me my owne deny.
Though I'me young, I scorne to slit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'le make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare me.

Yet

Yet I'le keepe my skill in store, Till I'ue seene some Winters more.

Pillarete.

But, in earnest, mean'st thou so? Then thou art not wife, I trow: Better shall aduise thee Pan. For thou dost not rightly than: That's the ready way to blot All the credit thou hast got. Rather in thy Ages prime, Get another start of Time: And make those that so fond be, (Spight of their owne dulnesse) see, That the facred Muses can Make a childe in yeeres, a man. It is knowne what thou canst doe, For it is not long agoe, When that Cuddy, Thou, and I, Each the others skill to try, At Saint Dunstanes charmed well, (As fome prefent there can tell) Sang vpon a fudden Theame, Sitting by the Crimson streame. Where, if thou didft well or no, Yet remaines the Song to show, Much experience more I'ue had, Of thy skill (thou happy Lad)

And

And would make the world to know it: But that time will further show it. Enuy makes their tongues now runne More then doubt of what is done. For that needs must be thy owne, Or to be some others knowne: But how then wil't fuit vnto What thou shalt hereafter do? Or I wonder where is hee. Would with that fong part to thee. Nay, were there fo mad a Swaine, Could fuch glory fell for gaine; Phæbus would not have combin'd. That gift with fo base a minde. Neuer did the Nine impart The fweet fecrets of their Art. Vnto any that did scorne, We should see their fauours worne. Therefore vnto those that fay, Where they pleas'd to fing a Lay, They could doo't, and will not tho; This I speake, for this I know: None ere drunke the Thespian spring, And knew how, but he did fing. For, that once infus'd in man, Makes him shew't doe what he can. Nay, those that doe onely sip, Or, but eu'n their fingers dip

In

In that facred Fount (poore Elues) Of that brood will shew themselues. Yea, in hope to get them fame, They will speake, though to their shame. Let those then at thee repine, That by their wits measure thine; Needs those Songs must be thine owne, And that one day will be knowne. That poore imputation to, I my selse do vndergoe: But it will appeare ere long, That 'twas Enuy fought our wrong. Who at twice-ten haue fung more, Then some will doe, at fourescore. Cheere thee (honest Willy) then, And begin thy Song agen.

Willy.

Faine I would, but I doe feare When againe my Lines they heare, If they yeeld they are my Rimes, They will faine fome other Crimes; And 'tis no fafe ventring-by Where we fee *Detraction* ly. For doe what I can, I doubt, She will picke fome quarrell out; And I oft haue heard defended, *Little faid, is foone amended*.

Phil.

Philarete.

See'st thou not in clearest dayes, Oft thicke fogs cloud Heau'ns rayes. And that vapours which doe breath From the earths groffe wombe beneath, Seeme not to vs with black steames, To pollute the Sunnes bright beames, And yet vanish into ayre, Leauing it (vnblemisht) faire? So (my Willy) shall it bee With *Detractions* breath on thee. It shall neuer rise so hie, As to staine thy Poesie. As that Sunne doth oft exhale Vapours from each rotten Vale; Poesie so sometime draines, Groffe conceits from muddy braines; Mists of Enuy, fogs of spight, Twixt mens judgements and her light: But so much her power may do, That shee can dissolue them to. If thy Verse doe brauely tower, As shee makes wing, she gets power: Yet the higher she doth fore, Shee's affronted still the more: Till shee to the high'st hath past, Then she rests with same at last,

Let

Let nought therefore, thee affright: But make forward in thy flight: For if I could match thy Rime, To the very Starres I'de clime. There begin again, and flye, Till I reach'd Æternity. But (alasse) my Muse is slow: For thy place shee flags too low: Yea, the more's her haplesse fate, Her fhort wings were clipt of late. And poore I, her fortune ruing, Am my felfe put vp a muing. But if I my Cage can rid, I'le flye where I neuer did. And though for her fake I'me croft, Though my best hopes I have lost, And knew she would make my trouble Ten times more then ten times double: I should loue and keepe her to, Spight of all the world could doe. For though banish't from my flockes, And confin'd within these rockes, Here I waste away the light, And confume the fullen Night, She doth for my comfort stay, And keepes many cares away. Though I misse the flowry Fields, With those sweets the Spring-tyde yeelds, M_m

Though

Though I may not fee those Groues, Where the Shepheards chant their Loues, (And the Lasses more excell, Then the fweet voyc'd *Philomel*) Though of all those pleasures past, Nothing now remaines at last, But Remembrance (poore reliefe) That more makes, then mends my griefe: Shee's my mindes companion still, Maugre Enuies euill will. (Whence she should be driven to, Wer't in mortals power to do.) She doth tell me where to borrow Comfort in the midst of sorrow: Makes the desolatest place To her presence be a grace; And the blackest discontents To be pleasing ornaments. In my former dayes of bliffe, Her divine skill taught me this, That from euery thing I saw, I could fome invention draw: And raise pleasure to her height, Through the meanest objects sight. By the murmure of a spring, Or the least boughes rusteling. By a Dazie whose leaves spred, Shut when *Tytan* goes to bed;

Or

Or a shady bush or tree, She could more infuse in mee, Then all Natures beauties can. In fome other wifer man. By her helpe I also now, Make this churlish place allow Some things that may fweeten gladnes, In the very gall of fadnes. The dull loannesse, the blacke shade, That these hanging vaults have made, The strange Musicke of the waves, Beating on these hollow Caues, This blacke Den which Rocks embosse Ouer-growne with eldest Mosse. The rude Portals that give light, More to Terror then Delight. This my Chamber of Neglect, Wall'd about with Difrespect, From all these and this dull ayre, A fit object for *Despaire*, She hath taught me by her might To draw comfort and delight. Therefore thou best earthly blisse, I will cherish thee for this. Poefie; thou sweetest content That e're Heau'n to mortals lent: Though they as a trifle leave thee Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,

M m 2

Though

Willie.

Good Philarete tarry,
I doe feare thou wilt be gon,
Quite aboue my reach anon.
The kinde flames of Poesie
Haue now borne thy thoughts so high,
That they vp in Heauen be,
And haue quite forgotten me.
Call thy selfe to minde againe,
Are these Raptures for a Swaine,
That attends on lowly Sheepe,
And with simple Heards doth keepe?

Philarete.

Philarete.

Thankes my Willie; I had runne Till that Time had lodg'd the Sunne, If thou had'ft not made me stay; But thy pardon here I pray. Lou'd Apolo's facred fire Had rais'd vp my spirits higher Through the loue of Poesie, Then indeed they vie to flye. But as I faid, I fay still, If that I had Willi's skill, Enuie nor Detractions tongue, Should ere make me leave my fong: But I'de fing it euery day Till they pin'd themselues away. Be thou then aduis'd in this. Which both iust and fitting is: Finish what thou hast begun, Or at least still forward run. Haile and Thunder ill hee'l beare That a blast of winde doth seare: And if words will thus afray thee, Prethee how will deeds difmay thee? Doe not thinke fo rathe a Song Can passe through the vulgar throng, And escape without a touch, Or that they can hurt it much: Mm3

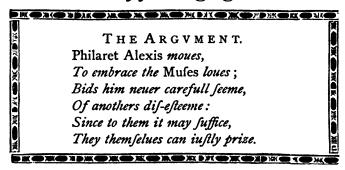
Frofts

Frosts we see doe nip that thing Which is forward'st in the Spring: Yet at last for all such lets Somewhat of the rest it gets. And I'me sure that so maist thou, Therefore my kind Willie now. Since thy solding time drawes on And I see thou must be gon, Thee I earnestly beseech To remember this my speech And some little counsell take, For Philarete his sake: And I more of this will say, If thou come next Holy-day.

FINIS.

The

The fifth Eglogue.



PHILARETE. ALEXIS.

Philarete.

Alexis, if thy worth doe not discaine
The humble friendship of a meaner Swaine,
Or some more needfull businesse of the day,
Vrge thee to be too hasty on thy way;
Come (gentle Shepheard) rest thee here by mee,
Beneath the shadow of this broad leau'd tree:
For though I seeme a stranger, yet mine eye
Observes in thee the markes of courtesse:

Mm 4

And

And if my iudgement erre not, noted to, More then in those that more would seeme to doe. Such Vertues thy rare modesty doth hide. Which by their proper lufter I efpy'd; And though long maskt in filence they have beene, I have a Wisedome through that silence seene, Yea, I have learned knowledge from thy tongue, And heard when thou hast in concealement sung. Which me the bolder and more willing made Thus to inuite thee to this homely shade. And though (it may be) thou couldst neuer spie, Such worth in me, I might be knowne thereby: In thee I doe; for here my neighbouring Sheepe Vpon the border of these Downes I keepe: Where often thou at Pastorals and Playes, Hast grac'd our Wakes on Summer Holy-dayes: And many a time with thee at this cold spring Met I, to heare your learned shepheards sing, Saw them disporting in the shady Groues, And in chaste Sonnets wooe their chaster Loues: When I, endued with the meanest skill, Mongst others have been vrg'd to tune my quill. But, (cause but little cunning I had got) Perhaps thou faw'st me, though thou knew'st me not.

A lexis.

Yes *Philaret*, I know thee, and thy name. Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame:

Art

Art thou not he, that but this other yeere, Scard'st all the Wolues and Foxes in the Sheere? And in a match at Foot-ball lately tride (Hauing scarce twenty Satyrs on thy side) Held'st play: and though assailed kept'st thy stand Gainst all the best-tride Russians in the Land? Did'st thou not then in dolefull Sonnets mone, When the beloued of great Pan was gone? And at the wedding of faire Thame and Rhine, Sing of their glories to thy Valentine? I know it, and I must confesse that long In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong: For, till I mark'd the ayme thy Satyrs had, I thought them ouer-bold, and thee halfe mad. But, fince I did more neerely on thee looke, I foone perceiu'd that I all had mistooke; I saw that of a Cynicke thou mad'st show, Where fince, I finde, that thou wert nothing fo; And that of many thou much blame had'st got, When as thy Innocency deferu'd it not. But that too good opinion thou hast feem'd To have of me (not so to be esteem'd,) Preuailes not ought to stay him who doth feare, He rather should reproofes then prayses heare. 'Tis true, I found thee plaine and honest to, Which made mee like, then loue, as now I do; And, Phila, though a stranger, this to thee Ile say, Where I doe loue, I am not coy to stay.

Phil.

Philarete.

Thankes, gentle Swaine, that dost so soone vnfold What I to thee as gladly would have told:
And thus thy wonted curtesie exprest
In kindly entertaining this request.
Sure, I should iniure much my owne content,
Or wrong thy love to stand on complement:
Who hast acquaintance in one word begun,
As well as I could in an age have done.
Or by an over-weaning slownesse marre
What thy more wisdome hath brought on so farre.
Then sit thou downe, and Ile my minde declare,
As freely, as if we familiars were:
And if thou wilt but daigne to give me eare,
Something thou mayst for thy more profit heare.

Alexis.

Philarete, I willingly obey.

Philarete.

Then know, Alexis, from that very day,
When as I faw thee at thy Shepheards Coate,
Where each (I thinke) of other tooke first note;
I meane that Pastor who by Tauies springs,
Chaste Shepheards loues in sweetest numbers sings,
And with his Musicke (to his greater same)
Hath late made proud the fairest Nymphs of Thame.

E'ne

E'ne then (me thought) I did espy in thee Some vnperceiu'd and hidden worth to bee: Which, in thy more apparant vertues, shin'd; And, among many, I (in thought) deuin'd, By fomething my conceit had vnderstood, That thou wert markt one of the Muses brood, That, made me loue thee: and that Loue I beare Begat a Pitty, and that Pitty, Care: Pitty I had to fee good parts conceal'd, Care I had how to have that good reveal'd, Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuse, To possesse much, and yet put nought in vse. Hereon I vow'd (if wee two euer met) The first request that I would strive to get, Should be but this, that thou would'ft flew thy skill, How thou could'st tune thy Verses to thy quill: And teach thy Muse in some well-framed Song, To shew the Art thou hast supprest so long: Which if my new-acquaintance may obtaine, I will for euer honour this daies gaine.

Alexis.

Alas! my fmall experience fcarce can tell,
So much as where those Nymphs, the Muses, dwell;
Nor (though my flow conceit still trauels on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of Hellicon.
Or, if I might so fauour'd be to taste
What those sweet streames but ouer-flow in waste,

And

And touch *Parnaffus*, where it low'ft doth lie, I feare my skill would hardly flag fo hie.

Philarete.

Despaire not Man, the Gods haue prized nought So deere, that may not be with labour bought: Nor need thy paine be great, since *Fate* and *Heauen*, That (as a blessing) at thy birth haue giuen.

| A lexis. |
|---|
| Why, fay they had? |
| Philarete. |
| Then vie their gifts thou must |
| Or be vngratefull, and fo be vnjust: |
| For if it cannot truely be deni'd, |
| Ingratitude mens benefits doe hide; |
| Then more vngratefull must he be by ods, |
| Who doth conceale the bounty of the Gods. |

Alexis.

That's true indeed, but *Enuy* haunteth those Who seeking Fame, their hidden skill disclose: Where else they might (obscur'd) from her espying, Escape the blasts and danger of enuying: *Cryticks* will censure our best straines of Wit, And pur-blind *Ignorance* misconster it.

And

And which is bad, (yet worse then this doth follow) Most hate the *Muses*, and contemne *Apollo*.

Philarete.

So let them: why should wee their hate esteeme? Is't not enough we of our selues can deeme? 'Tis more to their disgrace that we scorne them, Then vnto vs that they our Art contemne. Can we have better pastime then to see Their grosse heads may so much deceived bee, As to allow those doings best, where wholly We scosse them to their face, and flout their folly? Or to behold blacke *Enuy* in her prime, Die selse-consum'd, whilst we vie lives with time: And, in despight of her, more fame attaine, Then all her malice can wipe out againe?

Alexis.

Yea, but if I appli'd mee to those straines, Who should drive forth my Flocks vnto the plaines, Which, whil'st the *Muses* rest, and leasure crave, Must watering, folding, and attendance have? For if I leave with wonted care to cherish Those tender *heards*, both I and they should perish.

Philarete.

Alexis, now I fee thou dost mistake, There is no meaning thou thy Charge forsake;

Nor

Nor would I wish thee so thy selfe abuse, As to neglect thy calling for thy Muse. But, let these two, so each of other borrow, That they may feafon mirth, and lessen forrow. Thy Flocke will helpe thy charges to defray, Thy Muse to passe the long and teadious day: Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy *Reed*, Thy Sheepe, to listen, will more neere thee feed; The Wolues will shun them, birds aboue thee sing, And Lamkins dance about thee in a Ring. Nay, which is more; in this thy low estate, Thou in contentment shalt with Monarks mate: For mighty Pan, and Ceres, to vs grants, Our Fields and Flocks shall helpe our outward wants: The Mules teach vs Songs to put off cares, Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs: And we can thinke our Lasses on the Greenes As faire, or fairer, then the fairest Queenes: Or, what is more then most of them shall doe, Wee'le make their iuster fames last longer to, And have our Lines by greatest Princes grac'd When both their name and memori's defac'd. Therefore, Alexis, though that some disdaine The heavenly Musicke of the Rurall plaine, What is't to vs, if they (o'refeene) contemne The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them? And though that there be other-some enuy The prayles due to facred Poesie,

Let

Let them disdaine, and fret till they are weary, Wee in our selues haue that shall make vs merry: Which, he that wants, and had the power to know it, Would give his life that he might die a Poet.

| Α | le | XZS. |
|---|----|------|

A braue perfwasion.

Philarete.

-Here thou see'st mee pent Within the jawes of strict imprisonment; A fore-lorne *Shepheard*, voyd of all the meanes, Whereon Mans common hope in danger leanes: Weake in my felfe, exposed to the *Hate* Of those whose Enuies are insatiate: Shut from my friends, banish'd from all delights; Nay worse, excluded from the sacred Rites. Here I doe live mongst out-lawes markt for death, As one vnfit to draw the common breath, Where those who to be good did neuer know, Are barred from the meanes should make them so. I fuffer, cause I wish'd my Country well, And what I more must be are I cannot tell. I'me fure they give my Body little scope, And would allow my Minde as little Hope: I waste my Meanes, which of it selfe is slender, Confume my Time (perhaps my fortunes hinder)

And

And many Crosses haue, which those that can Conceiue no wrong that hurts another man, Will not take note of; though if halfe fo much Should light on them, or their owne person touch, Some that themselues (I feare) most worthy thinke, With all their helpes would into basenesse shrinke. But, spight of *Hate*, and all that Spight can do, I can be patient yet, and merry to. That flender Muse of mine, by which my Name, Though scarse deserved, hath gain'd a little same, Hath made mee vnto fuch a Fortune borne, That all misfortunes I know how to scorne; Yea, midst these bands can sleight the Great'st that bee, As much as their disdaine misteemes of mee. This Caue, whose very presence some affrights, I have oft made to Eccho forth delights, And hope to turne, if any Iustice be, Both shame and care on those that wish'd it me. For while the World rancke villanies affords, I will not spare to paint them out in words; Although I still should into troubles runne, I knew what man could act, ere I begun; And I'le fulfill what my Muse drawes mee to, Maugre all *Iayles*, and *Purgatories* to. For whil'st shee sets mee honest task's about, Vertue, or shee, (I know) will beare mee out: And if, by Fate, th'abused power of some Must, in the worlds-eye, leave mee ouercome,

They

They shall find one Fort yet, so fenc'd I trow, It cannot feare a Mortals ouer-throw. This *Hope*, and *Trust*, that great power did insuse, That first inspir'd into my brest a *Muse*, By whom I doe, and euer will contemne All those ill haps, my foes despisht, and them.

Alexis.

Th'haft so well (yong *Philaret*) plaid thy part, I am almost in loue with that sweet Art: And if some power will but inspire my song, *Alexis* will not be obscured long.

Philarete.

Enough kinde Paftor: But oh! yonder fee
Two honest Shepheards walking hither, bee
Cuddy and Willy, that so dearely loue,
Who are repairing vnto yonder Groue:
Let's follow them: for neuer brauer Swaines
Made musicke to their flocks vpon these Plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents doe with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our sheepe the short sweet grasse do sheare
And till the long shade of the hils appeare,
Wee'le heare them sing: for though the one be young,
Neuer was any that more sweetly sung.

N n A



A Postscript.

To the Reader.



F you have read this, and received any content, I am glad, (though it bee not so much as I could wish you)

if you thinke it idle, why then I see wee are not likely to fall out; for I am iust of your minds; yet weigh it well before you runne too farre in your censures, lest this prove lesse barren of Wit, then you of courtese. It is very true (I know not by what chance) that I have of late been so highly beholding to Opinion, that I wonder how I crept so much into her favour, and if I did thinke it worthie the fearing) I should be afraid that she having

To the Reader.

having so undeferuedly befriended mee beyond my Hope or expectation, will, vpon as little cause, ere long, againe picke some quarrell against mee; and it may bee, meanes to make vse of this, which I know must needes come farre short of their expectation, who by their earnest desire of it, seem'd to be fore-posfest with a farre better conceite, then I can believe it prooues worthy of. much at least I doubted, and therefore loth to deceive the world (though it often beguile me) I kept it to my selfe, indeed, not dreaming ever to see it published: But now, by the ouermuch perswasion of some friends, I have been constrained to expose it to the generall view. Which seeing I have done, somethings I desire thee to take notice of. First, that I am Hee, who to pleasure my friend, Nn2haue

A Postscript

haue fram'd my selfe a content out of that which would otherwise discontent mee. Secondly, that I have coueted more to effect what I thinke truely honest in it selfe, then by a seeming shew of Art, to catch the vaine blastes of vncertaine Opinion. that I have here written, was no part of my studie, but onely a recreation in imprisonment: and a trifle, neither in my conceit fitting, nor by me intended to bee made common; yet some, who it should seeme esteemed it worthy more respect then I did, tooke paines to coppy it out, vnknowne to mee, and in my absence got it both Authorized and prepared for the Presse; so that if I had not hindred it, last Michaelmas-Tearme had beene troubled with it. I was much blamed by some Friends for with standing

to the Reader.

ding it, to whose request I should more easily have consented, but that I thought (as indeed I yet doe) I should thereby more disparage my selfe, then content them. For I doubt 7 shall bee supposed one of those, who out of their arrogant defire of a little preposterous Fame, thrust into the world every vnfeasoned trifle that drops out of their vnsetled braines; whose basenesse how much I hate, those that know mee can witnesse, for if I were so affected, I might perhaps present the World with asmany seuerall Poems, as I have seene yeeres; and iustly make my selfe appeare to bee the Author of some things that others have shamefully vsurped and made vse of as their owne. But I will be content other men should owne fome of those Issues of the Braine, for J Nn3would

A Postscript

would be loath to confesse all that might in that kinde call me Father. Neither shall any more of them, by my consent, in hast againe trouble the world, vnlesse I know which way to benefit it with lesse preiudice to my owne estate. And therefore if any of those lesse serious Poems which are already disperst into my friends hands, come amongstyou, let not their publication be imputed to me, nor their lightnesse be any disparagement to what hath been since more serious written, seeing it is but such stuffe as riper iudgements have in their farre elder yeeres been much more guilty of.

I know an indifferent Crittick may finde many faults, as well in the slightnesse of this present Subject, as in the erring from the true nature of an Eglogue: moreouer, it altogether concernes

to the Reader.

cernesmy felf, which divers may dislike. But neither can bee done on inst cause: The first hath bin answered already: The last might consider that f was there where my owne estate was chiefly to bee looked vnto, and all the comfort I could minister vnto my selfe, little enough.

If any man deeme it worthy his reading I shall bee glad: if hee thinke his paines ill bestow'd, let him blame himselfe for medling with that concerned him not: I neither commended it to him, neither cared whether he read it or no; because I know those that were desirous of it, will esteeme the same as much as I expect they should.

But it is not vnlikely, some wil thinke I have in divers places been more wanton(as they take it) then be fitting a Satirict; yet their severity I fearenot, because Nn 4

A Postscript, &c.

Fam assured all that I euer yet did, was free from Obscænity: neyther am I so Cynical, but that I thinke a modest expression of such amorous conceits as sute with Reason, will yet very well become my yeeres; in which not to have feeling of the power of Loue, were as great an argument of much stupidity, as an ouerfottish affection were of extreame folly. Lastly, if you thinke it hath not well anfwered the Title of the Shepheards Hunting, goe quarrell with the Stationer, who bid himselfe God-Father, and imposed the Name according to his owne liking; and if you, or hee, finde any faults, pray mend them.

Valete.

FINIS.

FIDE LIA:

BY

GEORGE WITHER.



LONDON,

Printed by T. S. for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls*-Church-yard, at the figne of the Greene Dragon, 1622.



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An Elegiacall Epistle of *Fidelia*, to her vnconstant Friend.

THE ARGVMENT.

This Elegiacall Epistle, being a fragment of some greater Poeme, discovers the modest affections of a discreet and constant Woman, shadowed vnder the name of Fidelia; wherein you may perceive the height of their Passions, so farre as they seeme to agree with reason, and keepe within such decent bounds as beseemeth their Sex, but further it meddles not. The occasion seemes to proceed from some mutability in her friend, whose objections shee heere presupposing, confuteth, and in the person of him instly upbraideth all that are subject to the like change, or ficklenesse in minde. Among the rest, some more weightie Arguments then are (perhaps) expected in such a subject, are briefly, and yet somewhat seriously handled.



Ft I have heard tel, and now for truth I finde, Once out of fight, and quickly out of minde.

And that it hath been rightly faid of old,

Love that's foon'st hot, is ever foonest cold.

Or else my teares at this time had not stain'd The spotlesse paper, nor my lines complain'd. I had not, now, been forced to have fent These lines for *Nuncio's* of my discontent; Nor thus, exchanged, fo vnhappily, My fongs of Mirth, to write an Elegie. But, now I must; and, since I must doe so, Let mee but craue, thou wilt not flout my woe: Nor entertaine my forrowes with a scoffe. But, reade (at least) before thou cast them off. And, though thy heart's too hard to have compassion, Oh blame not, if thou pitty not my Passion, For well thou know'st (alas, that er'e 'twas knowne) There was a time (although that time be gone) I, that for this, scarce dare a beggar bee, Prefum'd for more to have commanded thee. Yea, the Day was, (but see how things may change) When thou, and I, have not been halfe fo strange; But oft embrac'd each other, gently greeting, With fuch kinde words, as Turtle, Doue, or Sweeting. Yea, had thy meaning, and those vowes of thine. Prou'd but as faithfull, and as true as mine, It still had been so: for (I doe not faine) I should rejoyce it might be so againe. But, fith thy Loue growes cold, and thou vnkinde, Be not displeas'd I somewhat breath my minde; I am in hope, my words may proue a mirrour, Whereon thou looking, may'st behold thine error.

And

And yet, the Heauen, and my fad heart doth know, How griu'd I am, and with what feeling woe My minde is tortured, to thinke that I Should be the brand of thy difloyalty: Or, liue to be the Author of a line That shall be printed with a fault of thine; (Since if that thou but flightly touched be, Deepe wounds of griefe, and shame, it strikes in me:) And yet I must: ill hap compels me to What I nere thought to have had cause to do. And therefore, feeing that fome angry Fate Imposes on mee, what I so much hate: Or, fince it is fo, that the Powers divine Mee (miserable) to such cares assigne; Oh that Loues patron, or some sacred Muse, Amongst my *Passions*, would such Art insuse, My well-fram'd words, and aiery fighs might proue The happy blasts to re-inflame thy loue. Or, at least, touch thee with thy fault so neere, That thou might'st see thou wrong'st, who held thee Seeing, confesse the same, and so abhorre it, (deere: Abhorring, pitty, and repent thee for it. But (Deare) I hope that I may call thee fo, (For thou art deare to mee, although a foe) Tell mee, is't true, that I doe heare of thee, And, by thy absence, true appeares to bee? Can fuch abuse be in the Court of Loue, False and inconstant now, thou Hee should'st proue?

Hee

He, that so wofull, and so pensive sate. Vowing his feruice at my feete of late? Art thou that *quondam* louer, whose fad eye I feldome faw yet, in my presence dry? And from whose gentle-seeming tongue I know So many pitty-mouing words could flow? Was't thou, so soughtst my loue, so seeking that As if it had been all th'hadst aymed at? Making me think thy Passion without staine, And gently quite thee with my loue againe? With this perswasion I so fairely plac'd it, Nor Time, nor Enuy, should have ere defac'd it? Is't fo? have I done thus much? and art thou So ouer-cloved with my fauours now? Art wearied fince with louing, and estranged So far? Is thy affection fo much changed, That I of all my hopes must be deceyued, And all good thoughts of thee be quite bereaued?

Then true I finde, which long before this day I fear'd my felfe, and heard fome wifer fay; That there is nought on earth fo fweet, that can Long relish with the curious taste of Man.

Happy was I; yea, well it was with mee, Before I came to be bewitch'd by thee. I ioy'd the sweet'st content that euer *Maid* Possessed yet; and truely well-a-paid, Made to my selfe (alone) as pleasant mirth As euer any *Virgine* did on earth.

The

The melody I vi'd was free, and fuch As that Bird makes, whom neuer hand did touch; But, vn-allur'd, (with *Fowlers* whiftling) flies Aboue the reach of humane treacheries.

And (well I doe remember) often then
Could I reade o're the pollicies of men;
Discouer what vncertainties they were;
How they would sigh, looke sad, protest, and sweare;
Nay, saigne to die, when they did neuer proue
The slendrest touch of a right-worthy loue:
But had chil'd hearts, whose dulnesse vnderstood
No more of Passion, then they did of good.
All which I noted well, and in my minde
(A generall humour amongst women-kinde)
This vow I made; (thinking to keepe it than)
That neuer the saire tongue of any man,
Nor his complaint, though neuer so much grieu'd,
Should moue my heart to liking whil'st I liu'd.

But, who can fay, what she shall liue to do? I have beleeu'd, and let in liking to,
And that so farre, I cannot yet see how
I may so much as hope, to helpe it now;
Which makes mee thinke, what e're we women say,
Another minde will come another day.
And that men may to things vnhop'd for clime,
Who watch but Opportunity and Time.
For 'tis well knowne, we were not made of clay,
Or such course, and ill-temper'd stuffe as they.

For

For he that fram'd vs of their flesh, did daigne When 'twas at best, to new refine't againe. Which makes vs euer fince the kinder Creatures. Of farre more flexible, and yeelding *Natures*. And as wee oft excell in outward parts, So wee haue nobler and more gentle hearts. Which, you well knowing, daily doe deuise How to imprint on them your Cruelties. But doe I finde my cause thus bad indeed? Or elfe on things imaginary feed? Am I the lasse that late so truly iolly, Made my felfe merry oft, at others folly? Am I the Nymph that Cupids fancies blam'd, That was fo cold, fo hard to be inflam'd? Am I my selfe? or is my selfe that Shee Who from this *Thraldome*, or fuch falshoods free, Late own'd mine owne heart, and full merry then, Did fore-warne others to beware of Men? And could not, having taught them what to doe, Now learne my felfe, to take heede of you to? Foole that I am, I feare my guerdon's iust, In that I knew this, and prefum'd to trust. And yet (alas) for ought that I could tell, One sparke of goodnesse in the world might dwell: And then, I thought, If such a thing might be, Why might not that one sparke remaine in thee? For thy faire out-fide, and thy fayrer tongue, Did *promise* much, although thy yeares were young.

And

And Vertue (wherefoeuer she be now) Seem'd then, to fit enthron'd vpon thy brow. Yea, fure it was: but, whether 'twere or no, Certaine I am, and was perfwaded fo. Which made me loth to thinke, that words of fashion, Could be fo fram'd, fo ouer-laid with Passion; Or fighes fo feeling, fain'd from any breft. Nay, fay thou hadft been false in all the rest; Yet from thy eye, my heart fuch notice tooke, Me thought, guile could not faine fo fad a looke. But now I'ue try'd, my bought experience knowes, They oft are worst that make the fairest showes. And how soe're men faine an outward grieuing, 'Tis neither worth respecting, nor belieuing: For, she that doth one to her mercy take. Warmes in her bosome but a frozen snake: Which heated with her fauours, gather fence, And stings her to the heart in recompence.

But tell me why, and for what fecret spight
You in poore womens miseries delight?
For so it seemes; else why d'yee labour sor
That, which when 'tis obtained, you abhor?
Or to what end doe you endure such paine
To win our loue, and cast it off againe?
Oh that we either your hard hearts could borrow,
Or else your strengths, to helpe vs beare our forrow:

But we are cause of all this griefe and shame, And we have none but our owne selves to blame:

O o For

For still we see your salshood for our learning, Yet neuer can haue power to tak't for warning; But (as if borne to be deluded by you) We know you trustlesse, and yet still we try you.

(Alas) what wrong was in my power to doe thee? Or what despight haue I er'e done vnto thee? That thou shouldst chuse Me, aboue all the rest, To be thy scorne, and thus be made a iest? Must mens il natures such true villaines proue them, To make the wrong those most that most do loue them? Couldst thou finde none in Countrey, Towne or Court, But onely Me, to make thy Foole, thy sport? Thou knowst I have no wanton courses runne, Nor seemed easie vnto lewdnesse wonne. And (though I cannot boast me of much wit.) Thou faw'ft no figne of fondnesse in me yet. Nor did ill nature euer fo ore-fway me, To flout at any that did woe or pray me, But grant I had been guilty of abufage, Of thee I'me fure I ne're deseru'd such vsage. But thou wert grieued to behold my fmilings, When I was free from loue, and thy beguilings. Or to what purpose else didst thou bestow Thy time, and study to delude me so? Hast thou good parts? and dost thou bend them all To bring those that ne're hated thee in thrall? Prethee take heed, although thou yet injoy'st them They'l be tooke from thee, if thou so imploy'st them.

For

For though I wish not the least harme to thee, I feare, the iust Heavens will revenged be. Oh! what of Mee by this time had become, If my desires with thine had hapt to rome, Or I, vnwisely, had consented to What (shamelesse) once thou didst attempt to doe? I might have falne, by those immodest trickes, Had not some power beene stronger then my Sex. And if I should have so been drawne to folly, I saw thee apt enough to be vnholy. Or if my weakenesse had beene prone to sinne, I poorely by thy strength had succour'd bin. You Men make vs belieue you doe but try, And that's your part, (you fay) ours to deny. Yet I much feare, if we through frailty stray, There's few of you within your bounds will ftay; But, maugre all your feeming Vertue, be As ready to forget your felues, as we.

I might haue fear'd thy part of loue not strong, When thou didst offer me so base a wrong: And that I after loath'd thee not, did proue In mee some extraordinary Loue. For sure had any other but in thought, Presum'd vnworthily what thou hast sought, Might it appeare, I should doe thus much for him, With a scarce reconciled hate abhorre him.

My young experience neuer yet did know Whether desire might range so farre, or no,

O o 2

To

To make true Louers carelessly request,
What rash enioping makes them most viblest,
Or blindly thorow frailty giue consenting
To that, which done brings nothing but repenting.
But in my iudgement it doth rather proue
That they are fir'd with lust, then warm'd with loue.
And if it be for proofe men so proceed,
It shewes a doubt, else what doe tryals neede?
And where is that man living euer knew
That salse distrust, could be with loue that's true?
Since the meere cause of that viblam'd effect,
Such an opinion is, that hates suspects.

And yet, thee and thy loue I will excuse, If thou wilt neither me, nor mine abuse. For, Ile suppose thy passion made thee proffer That vnto me, thou to none else wouldst offer. And so, thinke thou, if I have thee deni'd, Whom I more lou'd then all men else beside; What hope have they, such favour to obtaine, That never halfe so much respect could gaine?

Such was my loue, that I did value thee Aboue all things below eternity.

Nothing on Earth vnto my heart was nearer

No Ioy fo prized, nor no Iewell dearer.

Nay: I doe feare I did Idolatrize;

For which Heauens wrath inflicts these miseries,

And makes the things which were for blessings lent,

To be renewers of my discontent.

Where

Where was there any of the *Naiades*, The *Dryad's*, or the *Hamadryades?* Which of the Brittish shires can yeeld againe, A mistresse of the Springs, or Wood, or Plaine? Whose eye enioy'd more sweet contents then mine, Till I receiv'd my overthrow by thine? Where's she did more delight in Springs and Rils? Where's she that walk'd more Groues, or Downs, or Hils? Or could by fuch faire artlesse prospect, more Adde by conceit, to her contentments store Then I; whilst thou wert true, and with thy Graces Didst give a pleasing presence to those places? But now What is? What was hath ouerthrowne, My Rose-deckt allies, now with Rue are strowne; And from those flowers that honved vse to be. I fucke nought now but iuyce to poyfon mee.

For eu'n as she, whose gentle spirit can raise,
To apprehend Loues noble mysteries,
Spying a precious Iewell richly set,
Shine in some corner of her Cabenet,
Taketh delight at first to gaze vpon
The pretty lustre of the sparkling stone,
(And pleas'd in mind, by that doth seeme to see
How vertue shines through base obscurity;)
But prying neerer, seeing it doth proue
Some relique of her deere deceased Loue,
Which to her sad remembrance doth lay ope,
What she most sought, and sees most far from hope:

O o 3 Fainting

Fainting almost beneath her *Passions* weight, And quite forgetfull of her first conceit: Looking vpon't againe, from thence she borrowes Sad melancholy thoughts to feed her forrowes.

So I beholding *Natures* curious bowers, Seel'd, strow'd, and trim'd vp with leaues, hearbes, and Walke pleased on a while, and doe deuize, (flowers. How on each object I may moralize. But er'e I pace on many steps, I see There stands a *Hawthorne* that was trim'd by thee: Here thou didst once slip off the virgin sprayes, To crowne me with a wreath of liuing Bayes. On fuch a Banke I fee how thou didft lye, When viewing of a shady Mulbery, The hard mishap thou didst to me discusse Of louing Thysbe, and young Piramus: And oh (thinke I) how pleasing was it then, Or would be yet, might he returne agen. But if some neighbouring Row doe draw me to Those Arbors, where the shadowes seeme to wooe The weary loue-ficke Paffenger, to fit And view the beauties *Nature* strowes on it; How faire (thinke I) would this fweet place appeare, If he I loue, were prefent with me heere. Nay, euery feuerall object that I fee, Doth feuerally (me thinkes) remember thee. But the delight I vs'd from thence to gather, I now exchange for cares, and feeke them rather.

But

But those whose dull and grosse affections can Extend but onely to desire a Man, Cannot the depth of these rare Passions know: For their imaginations slagge too low. And cause their base Conceits doe apprehend Nothing but that whereto the sless dot tend; In Loues embraces they neere reach vnto More of content than the brute Creatures do. Neither can any judge of this, but such Whose brauer mindes for brauer thoughts doe touch. And having spirits of a nobler frame, Feele the true heate of Loues vnquenched slame.

They may conceive aright what smarting sting To their Remembrances the place will bring, Where they did once enioy, and then doe misse, What to their soules most deere and precious is. With mee 'tis so; for those walkes that once seem'd Pleasing, when I of thee was more esteem'd, To me appeare most desolate and lonely, And are the places now of torment onely. Where I the highest of contents did borrow, There am I paid it home with deepest forrow.

Vnto one place, I doe remember well, We walkt the eu'nings to heare *Phylomel*: And that feemes now to want the light it had, The shadow of the *Groue's* more dull and sad, As if it were a place but fit for Fowles, That screech ill-lucke; as melancholy *Owles*,

004

Or

Or fatall Rauens, that feld' boding good, Croke their blacke Auguries from some darke wood.

Then if from thence I halfe despairing goe, Another place begins another wo: For thus vnto my thought it femes to fay, Hither thou faw'st him riding once that way: Thither to meete him thou didst nimbly hast thee, Yon he alighted, and eu'n there embrac'd thee: Which whilft I fighing wish to doe againe, Another object brings another paine. For passing by that Greene, which (could it speake) Would tell it faw vs run at Barly-breake; There I beheld, what on a thin rin'd tree Thou hadft engrauen for the loue of me; When we two, all one in heate of day, With chaste imbraces draue swift houres away. Then I remember to (vnto my smart) How loath we were, when time compel'd to part; How cunningly thy Passions thou couldst faine. In taking leave, and comming backe againe: So oft, vntill (as feeming to forget We were departing) downe againe we fet? And freshly in that sweet discourse went on, Which now I almost faint to thinke vpon.

Viewing againe those other walkes and Groues That have beene witnesses of our chaste loues; When I beheld those Trees whose tender skin Hath that cut out, which still cuts me within.

Or

Or come, by chance, vnto that pretty Rill
Where thou wouldst sit, and teach the neighbouring hill
To answere, in an Eccho, vnto those
Rare Problems which thou often didst propose.
When I come there (thinke I) if these could take
That vse of words and speech which we partake,
They might vnfold a thousand pleasures then
Which I shall neuer liue to taste agen.
And thereupon, Remembrance doth so racke
My thoughts, with representing what I lacke,
That in my minde those Clerkes doe argue well,
Which hold Privation the great'st plague of hell.
For there's no torment gripes mee halfe so bad,
As the Remembrance of those joyes I had.

Oh hast thou quite forgot, when sitting by
The bankes of Thame, beholding how the Fry
Play'd on the siluer-waues? There where I sirst
Granted to make my Fortune thus accurst;
There where thy too-too earnest suit compeld.
My ouer-soone beleeuing heart to yeeld
One fauour first, which then another drew
To get another, till (alas) I rue
That day and houre, thinking I nere should need
(As now) to grieue for doing such a deed.
So freely I my curtesies bestow'd,
That whose I was vnwarily I show'd:
And to my heart such passage made for thee,
Thou canst not to this day removed be,

And what breast could resist it, having seene How true thy loue had in appearance beene? For (I shall ne're forget) when thou hadst there Laid open euery discontent and care, Wherewith thou deeply feem'dft to me opprest, When thou (as much as any could protest) Had'st vow'd and sworne, and yet perceiu'dst no signe Of pitty-mouing in this brest of mine: Well Loue (faid'st thou) since neither sigh nor vow, Nor any feruice may auaile me now: Since neither the recitall of my smart, Nor those strong *Passions* that assaile my heart; Nor any thing may moue thee to beliefe Of these my sufferings, or to grant reliefe: Since there's no comfort, nor defert, that may Get mee fo much as *Hope* of what I pray; Sweet Loue farewell; farewell faire beauties light, And every pleasing object of the sight: My poore despayring heart heere biddeth you, And all Content, for euermore, adue.

Then eu'n as thou feemd'st ready to depart; Reaching that hand, which after gaue my hart, (And thinking this sad Farewell did proceed From a sound breast, but truely mou'd indeed) I stayed thy departing from mee so, Whilst I stood mute with sorrow, thou for show. And the meane while as I beheld thy looke, My eye th'impression of such Pitty tooke,

That,

That, with the strength of *Passion* ouercome, A deep-setcht sigh my heart came breathing from: Whereat thou (euer wisely vsing this To take advantage when it offered is) Renewd'st thy sute to mee, who did afford Consent, in silence first, and then in word.

So that for yeelding thou maift thanke thy wit, And yet when euer I remember it, Trust me, I muse, and often (wondring) thinke, Thorough what craney, or what fecret chinke That Loue, vnwares, so like a slye close Else, Did to my heart infinuate it felfe. Gallants I had, before thou cam'ft to woo, Could as much loue, and as well court me to; And, though they had not learned so the fashion, Of acting such well counterfeited Passion; In wit, and person, they did equal thee, And worthier seem'd, vnlesse thoul't faithfull be. Yet still vnmou'd, vnconquer'd I remain'd: No, not one thought of loue was entertain'd: Nor could they brag of the least fauour to them, Saue what meere curtesie enioyn'd to doe them. Hard was my heart: But would't had harder bin, And then, perhaps, I had not let thee in; Thou, Tyrant, that art so imperious there, And onely tak'st delight to Dominere. But held I out fuch ftrong, fuch oft affailing, And euer kept the honour of preuailing?

Was

Was this poore-breast from loues allurings free. Cruell to all, and gentle vnto thee? Did I vnlocke that strong affections dore, That neuer could be broken ope before, Onely to thee? and, at thy intercession, So freely give vp all my hearts possession: That to my felfe I left not one poore veine, Nor power, nor will, to put thee from't againe? Did I doe this, (and all on thy bare vow) And wilt thou thus requite my kindnesse now? Oh that thou eyther hadst not learn'd to faine, Or I had power to cast thee off againe! How is it that thou art become fo rude, And ouer-blinded by *Ingratitude?* Swar'st thou so deeply that thou wouldst perseuer. That I might thus be cast away for euer? Well, then 'tis true, that Louers periuries, Among some men, are thought no iniuries: And that she onely hath least cause of griefe, Who of your words hath fmal'st, or no beliefe.

Had I the wooer bin, or fondly won,
This had bin more tho, then thou couldst haue don;
But, neither being so, what Reason is
On thy side, that should make thee offer this?

I know, had I beene false, or my faith fail'd, Thou wouldst at womens ficklenesse haue rail'd; And if in mee it had an error bin, In thee shall the same fault be thought no sin?

Rather

Rather I hold that which is bad in mee, Will be a greater blemish vnto thee: Because, by Nature, thou art made more strong, And therefore abler to endure a wrong. But 'tis our *Fortune*, you'le haue all the power, Onely the Care and Burden must be our. Nor can you be content a wrong to do, Vnlesse you lay the blame vpon vs to. Oh that there were fome gentle-minded *Poet* That knew my heart, as well as now I know it; And would endeare me to his loue fo much, To give the world (though but) a flender touch Of that fad *Pafficn* which now clogs my heart, And shew my truth, and thee how false thou art: That all might know, what is beleeu'd by no man, There's ficklenesse in men, and faith in woman.

Thou faw'ft I first let Pitty in, then liking,
And lastly, that which was thy onely seeking:
And, when I might haue scorn'd that loue of thine,
(As now vngently thou despises mine,)
Among the inmost Angles of my brest,
To lodge it by my heart I thought it best:
Which thou hast stolne to, like a thankelesse Mate,
And lest mee nothing but a blacke selse-hate.
What canst thou say for this, to stand contending?
What colour hast thou lest for thy offending?
Thy wit, perhaps, can some excuse deuise,
And saine a colour for those iniuries;

But

But well I know, if thou excuse this treason, It must be by some greater thing then reason. Are any of those vertues yet defac'd, On which thy first affection seemed plac'd? Hath any fecret foe my true faith wronged, To rob the bliffe that to my heart belonged? What then? shall I condemned be vnheard, Before thou knowest how I may be clear'd? Thou art acquainted with the times condition, Know'st it is full of enuy, and suspition, So that the war'est in thought, word, and action, Shall oft be iniur'd, by foule-mouth'd datraction: And therefore thou (me-thinkes) should'st wifely pause Before thou credit rumors without caufe. But I have gotten such a confidence In thy opinion, of my innocence: It is not that, I know, with-holds thee now, Sweet, tell mee then; is it some sacred vow? Hast thou resolued, not to ioyne thy hand With any one in *Hymens* holy band? Thou shouldst have done it then, when thou wert free, Before thou hadst bequeath'd thy selfe to mee. What vow dost deeme more pleasing vnto *Heaven*, Then what is by vnfained louers giuen? If any be, yet fure it frowneth at Those that are made for contradicting that. But, if thou wouldst liue chastely all thy life,

Or,

That thou maist do, though we be man and wife:

Or, if thou long'st a Virgin-death to die,
Why (if it be thy pleasure) so doe I.
Make mee but thine, and I'le (contented) be
A Virgin still, yet liue and lie with thee.
Then let not thy inuenting braine assay
To mocke, and still delude mee euery way;
But call to minde, how thou hast deepely sworne
Not to neglect, nor leaue mee thus forlorne.
And if thou wilt not be to mee as when
Wee first did loue, doe but come see mee then.
Vouchsafe that I may sometime with thee walke,
Or sit and looke on thee, or heare thee talke;
And I that most content once aymed at,
Will thinke there is a world of blisse in that.
Dost thou suppose that my Desires denies

Dost thou suppose that my Desires denies
With thy affections well to sympathize?
Or such peruersnesse hast thou sound in me,
May make our Natures disagreeing be?
Thou knowst when thou didst wake I could not sleepe;
And if thou wert but sad, that I should weepe.
Yet (euen when the teares my cheeke did staine)
If thou didst smile, why I could smile againe:
I neuer did contrary thee in ought:
Nay, thou canst tell, I oft haue spake thy thought.
Waking; the selfe-same course with thee I runne,
And sleeping, oftentimes our dreames were one.

The Dyall-needle, though it fence doth want, Still bends to the beloued *Adamant*;

Life

Lift the one vp, the other vpward tends; If this fall downe, that prefently descends: Turne but about the stone, the steele turnes to; Then straight returnes, if so the other do; And, if it stay, with trembling keepes one place, As if it (panting) long'd for an imbrace. So was't with mee: for, if thou merry wert, That mirth of thine, mou'd ioy within my heart: I fighed to, when thou didft figh or frowne: When thou wert ficke, thou hast perceiu'd me swoone; And being fad, have oft, with forc'd delight, Striu'd to give thee content beyond my might. When thou wouldst talke, then have I talk'd with thee, And filent been, when thou wouldst filent be. If thou abroad didst goe, with ioy I went; If home thou lou'dst, at home was my content: Yea, what did to my Nature disagree, I could make pleasing, cause it pleased thee. But, if't be either my weake Sex, or youth, Makes thee misdoubt my vndistained truth, Know this; as none (till that vnhappy hower, When I was first made thine,) had euer power To moue my heart, by vowes, or teares expence; No more (I fweare) could any Creature fince. No lookes but thine, though aim'd with Passions Art,

Nor

Could pierce so deepe to penetrate my hart. No name but thine, was welcome to my eare; No word did I so soone, so gladly heare:

Nor euer could my eyes behold or fee, What I was fince delighted in, but thee.

And fure thou wouldst beleeue it to be so, If I could tell, or words might make thee know, How many a weary night my tumbled bed Hath knowne me sleepelesse: what falt-teares I'ue shed; What scalding-sighes, the markes of soules opprest, Haue hourely breathed from my carefull brest. Nor wouldst thou deeme those waking forrowes faind, If thou mightst fee how sleeping I am paind. For if fometimes I chance to take a flumber, Vnwelcome dreames my broken rest doth cumber. Which dreaming makes me start, starting with seares Wakes; and fo by waking I renew my cares: Vntill my eyes ore-tir'd with watch and weeping, Drownd in their owne flouds fall againe to fleeping. Oh! that thou couldst but thinke, when last wee parted, How much I, grieuing for thy absence, smarted: My very foule fell ficke, my heart to aking, As if they had their last *Farewels* beene taking; Or feared by some secret Divination, This thy reuolt, and causelesse alteration. Didst thou not feele how loth that hand of mine. Was to let goe the hold it had of thine? And with what heavy, what vnwilling looke I leave of thee, and then of comfort tooke? I know thou didft; and though now thus thou doe, I am deceiu'd, but then it grieu'd thee to.

Pр

Then,

Then, if I so with *Loues* fell passion vext
For thy departure onely was perplext,
When I had left to strengthen me some trust;
And hope, that thou wouldst nere haue prou'd vniust:
What was my torture then, and hard endurance,
When of thy falshood I receiv'd assurance.

Alas, my Tongue, a-while, with griese was dumbe, And a cold shuddering did my ioynts benumme, Amazement seiz'd my thought, and so preuailed, I found me ill, but knew not what I ailed. Nor can I yet tell, since my suffering then Was more then could be showne by *Poets* Pen; Or well conceiu'd by any other hart Then that which in such care hath borne a part.

Oh me; how loth was I to haue beleeu'd That to be true, for which so much I grieu'd? How gladly would I haue perswaded bin, There had bin no such matter, no such sin. I would haue had my heart thinke that (I knew To be the very truth) not to be true. Why may not this, thought I, some vision be, Some sleeping dreame, or waking phantasie, Begotten by my ouer-blinded folly, Or else engendred through my Melancholy? But finding it so reall (thought I) then Must I be cast from all my hopes agen? What are become of all those fading blisses, Which late my hope had, and now so much misses?

Where is that future fickle happinesse Which I fo long expected to possesse? And, thought I to; where are his dying Passions, His honied words, his bitter lamentations? To what end were his Sonnets, Epigrams, His pretty Pofies, witty Anagrams? I could not thinke, all that might have been fain'd, Nor any faith, I thought fo firme, bin stain'd. Nay, I doe fure and confidently know, It is not possible it should be so: If that rare Art and *Paffion* was thine owne, Which in my presence thou hast often showne. But, fince thy change, my much-prefaging heart Is halfe afraid, thou fome impostor wert: Or that thou didft but (Player-like addrest) Act that which flow'd from some more gentle brest. Thy puft inuention, with worse matter swolne, Those thy conceits from better wits hath stolne: Or else (I know) it could not be, that thou Shouldst be so ouer-cold as thou art now; Since those, who have that, feelingly, their owne, Euer possesse more worth conceal'd, then knowne. And if Loue euer any Mortals touch, To make a braue impression, 'tis in such, Who fworne loues Chaplaines, will not violate That, whereunto themselues they consecrate. But oh you noble brood, on whom the World The flighted burthen of neglect hath hurl'd,

Pp 2

(Because

(Because your thoughts for higher objects borne. Their groueling humors and affection (corne) You, whom the Gods, to heare your straines, will follow. Whilst you doe court the fisters of Apollo. You, whom there's none that's worthy, can neglect, Or any that vnworthy is, affect. Oh let not those that seeke to doe you shame, Bewitch vs with those fongs they cannot frame: The noblest of our Sexe, and fairest to, Doe euer loue and honour fuch as you. Then wrong vs not fo much to give your Passon To those that have it but in imitation: And in their dull breasts neuer feele the power Of fuch deepe thoughts as fweetly moue in your. As well as you, they vs thereby abuse, For (many times) when we our *Louers* chuse, Where we thinke *Nature*, that rich *Iewell*, fets Which shines in you, we light on counterfets.

But see, see whither discontentment beares me, And to what vncoth straines my Passon reares me: Yet pardon me, I here againe repent, If I haue erred through that discontent. Be what thou wilt, be counterseit or right, Be constant, serious, or be vaine, or light, My loue remaines inuiclate the same, Thou canst be nothing that can quench this stame, But it will burne as long as thou hast breath To keepe it kindled (if not after death)

Nere

Nere was there one more true, then I to thee. And though my faith must now despised be, Vnpriz'd, vnualued at the lowest rate, Yet this Ile tell thee, 'tis not all thy state, Nor all that better-feeming worth of thine, Can buy thee fuch another Loue as mine: Liking it may, but oh there's as much oddes, Twixt loue and that, as betweene men and Gods. It is a purchase not procur'd with treasure, As fome fooles thinke, nor to be gaind at pleafure: For were it so, and any could assure it, What would not some men part with, to procure it? But though thou weigh't not, as thou ought'st to do, Thou knowst I loue; and once didst loue mee to. Then where's the cause of this dislike in thee? Survey thy felfe, I hope there's none in mee. Yet looke on her from whom thou art estranged? See, is my perfon, or my beauty changed? Once thou didst praise it, prethee view't agen, And marke ift be not still the same twas then: No false Vermilion-dye my cheeke distaines, 'Tis the poore bloud disperst through pores and vaines, Which thou hast oft seen through my fore-head flushing, To shew no dawby-colour hid my blushing: Nor neuer shall: Vertue, I hope, will faue mee, Contented with that beauty Nature gaue mee. Or, ift feeme lesse, for that griefes-vaile had hid it, Thou threwst it on mee, 'twas not I that did it,

Ооз

And canst againe restore, what may repaire All that's decay'd, and make me far more faire. Which if thou doe, I'le be more wary than To keep't for thee vnblemisht, what I can: And cause at best 'twill want much of persection, The rest shall be supply'd with true affection.

But I doe feare, it is fome others riches, Whose more abundance that thy minde bewitches, That baser obiect, that too generall aime, Makes thee my lesser Fortune to disclaime. Fie, canst thou so degenerate in spirit, As to prefer the meanes before the merit? (Although I cannot fay it is in mee) Such worth fometimes with pouerty may be To equalize the match she takes vpon her; Tho th'other vaunt of Birth, Wealth, Beauty, Honour: And many a one that did for greatnesse wed, Would gladly change it for a meaner bed. Yet are my Fortunes knowne indifferent. Not basely meane, but such as may content: And though I yeeld the better to be thine, I may be bold to fay thus much, for mine; That if thou couldst of them and me esteeme, Neither thy state, nor birth, would mis-beseeme: Or if it did; how can I help't (alas) Thou, not alone, before knew'st what it was. But I (although not fearing so to speed) Did also disinable't more than need,

And yet thou woo'dst, and wooing didst perseuer, As if thou hadst intended Loue for ever: Yea, thy account of wealth thou mad'ft so small, Thou had'ft not any question of't at all; But hating much that peafant-like condition, Did'st seeme displeas'd I held it in suspition. Whereby I thinke, if nothing elfe doe thwart vs, It cannot be the want of that will part vs. Yea, I doe rather doubt indeed, that this The needlesse feare of friends displeasure is. Yes, that's the barre which stops out my delight, And all my hope and joy confoundeth quite. But beares there any in thy heart fuch fway To shut mee thence, and wipe thy loue away? Can there be any friend that hath the power, To disvnite hearts so conjoyn'd as our? E're I would haue fo done by thee; I'de rather Haue parted with one deerer then my father. For though the will of our Creator bindes Each Childe to learne and know his Parents mindes: Yet fure I am, so iust a Deitie, Commandeth nothing against *Pietie*. Nor doth that band of duty give them leave, To violate their faith, or to deceiue. And though that *Parents* have authority, To rule their children in minority: Yet they are neuer granted fuch power on them, That will allow to tyrannize vpon them;

Pp4

Or

Or vse them vnder their command so ill, To force them, without reason, to their will.

For who hath read in all the Sacred-writ, Of any one compeld to marriage (yet?) What father so vnkinde (thereto requir'd) Denide his Childe the match that he desir'd, So that he found the Lawes did not forbid it? I thinke those gentler ages no men did it. In those daies therefore for them to have bin Contracted without licence had been fin? Since there was more good *Nature* among men, And every one more truly louing then. But now (although we stand obliged still To labour for their liking, and good-will) There is no duty whereby they may tie vs From ought which without reason they deny vs: For I do thinke, it is not onely meant, Children should aske, but Parents should confent: And that they erre, their duty as much breaking, For not confenting, as we not for speaking. "It is no maruell many matches be "Concluded now without their privity; "Since they, through greedy Auarice misled, "Their interest in that have forseited. For, some respectlesse of all care, doe marry Hot youthfull-May, to cold old-Ianuary. Some, for a greedy end, doe basely tie The sweetest-faire, to soule-deformitie.

Forcing

Forcing a loue from where 'twas placed late, To re-ingraffe it where it turnes to hate. It feemes no cause of hindrance in their eyes, Though manners nor affections sympathize. And two Religions by their rules of state, They may in one made body tolerate; As if they did defire that double stemme, Should fruitfull beare but Neuters like to them. Alas, how many numbers of both kindes By that have ever discontented mindes: And liue (though feeming vnto others well) In the next torments vnto those of hell? How many, desprate growne by this their sinne, Haue both vndone themselues and all their kinne? Many a one, we fee, it makes to fall With the too-late repenting *Prodigall*. Thousands (though else by nature gentler giuen,) To act the horridst murthers oft are driven. And (which is worse) there's many a carelesse else, (Vnlesse Heauen pitty) kils and damnes his selfe. Oh what hard heart, or what vnpittying eyes, Could hold from teares to fee those Tragedies, Parents, by their neglect in this, have hurld Vpon the Stage of this respectlesse World? 'Tis not one Man, one Family, one Kinne, No nor one Countrey that hath ruin'd bin By fuch their folly, which the cause hath prou'd, That forraine oft, and ciuill warres were mou'd

By

By fuch beginnings many a City lies
Now in the dust, whose *Turrets* brau'd the skies:
And divers *Monarchs* by such fortunes crost,
Haue seene their Kingdomes sir'd, and spoil'd, and lost.

Yet all this while, thou feeft, I mention not,
The ruine, shame, and chastity hath got;
For 'tis a taske too infinite to tell
How many thousands that would have done well,
Doe, by the meanes of this, suffer desires
To kindle in their hearts vnlawfull fires:
Nay some, in whose could breast nere shame had bin,
Haue onely for meere vengeance salne to sin.

My selfe haue seene, and my heart bled to see't, A wit-lesse Clowne enjoy a match vnmeet. She was a Lasse that had a looke to moue The heart of cold *Diogenes* to loue: Her eye was fuch, whose euery glance did know To kindle flames upon the hils of Snow; And by her powerfull piercings could imprint, Or sparkle fire into a heart of flint: And yet (vnlesse I much deceived be) In very thought did hate immodestie. And (had sh'enioyd the man she could have lou'd) Might, to this day, have lived vn-reprou'd: But, being forc'd, perforce, by feeming-friends, With her confent, she her contentment ends. In that, compel'd, her-felfe to him shee gaue, Whose Bed, shee rather could have wisht her Grave:

And since, I heare, what I much seare is true, That shee hath bidden shame and same adue.

Such are the causes now that *Parents* quite Are put beside much of their ancient right: Their feare of this, makes children to with-hold From giving them those dues which else they would: And these thou see'st are the too-fruitfull ils, Which daily spring from their unbridled wils. Yet they, forfooth, will have it vnderstood, That all their study, is their childrens good. A feeming-Love shall couer all they do: When, if the matter were well look't into, Their carefull reach is chiefly to fulfill Their owne foule, greedy, and infatiate will: Who, quite forgetting they were euer young, Would haue the Children dote, with them, on dung. Grant, betwixt two, there be true loue, content, Birth not mif-feeming, wealth fufficient, Equality in yeares, an honest fame, In euery-fide the person without blame, And they obedient too: What can you gather Of Loue, or of affection, in that father, That but a little to augment his treasure, (Perhaps, no more but onely for his pleafure,) Shall force his Childe to one he doth abhor, From her he loues, and justly feeketh for; Compelling him (for fuch mif-fortune grieu'd) To die with care, that might with joy haue liu'd?

This

This you may fay is Love, and sweare as well, There's paines in Heaven, and delights in Hell: Or, that the Diuels sury and austerity Proceeds out of his care of our posterity. Would Parents (in this age) have vs begin To take by their eyes, our affections in? Or doe they thinke we beare them in our fist, That we may still remove them as wee list? It is impossible it should be thus, For we are rul'd by Love, not Love by vs: And so our power so much ner'e reached to, To know where we shall love, vntill we doe. And when it comes, hide it awhile wee may, But 'tis not in our strengths to driv't away.

Either mine owne eye should my chuser be,
Or I would ner'e weare Hymens Liuery.
For who is he so neare my heart doth rest,
To know what 'tis, that mine approued best?
I have my selfe beheld those men, whose frame
And outward personages had nought of blame:
They had (what might their good proportion grace)
The much more mouing part, a comely face,
With many of those complements, which we
In common men, of the best breeding see.
They had discourse, and wit enough to carry
Themselves in fashion, at an Ordinary;
Gallants they were, lou'd company and sport,
Wore favours, and had Mistresses in Court.

And euery way were fuch as well might feeme Worthy of note, respect, and much esteeme; Yet hath my eye more cause of liking seene, Where nought perhaps by some hath noted beene: And I haue there sound more content, by farre, Where some of these persections wanting are; Yea so much, that their beauties were a blot To them (me thought) because he had them not.

There fome peculiar thing innated,
That beares an vncontrouled fway in this;
And nothing but it felfe knowes how to fit
The minde with that which best shall suit with it.

Then why should *Parents* thrust themselves into What they want warrant for, and power to doe? How is it they are fo forgetfull growne, Of those conditions, that were once their owne? Doe they fo dote amidst their wits perfection, To thinke that age and youth hath like affection? (When they doe fee 'mong those of equal yeares, One hateth what another most endeares.) Or doe they thinke their wisedomes can inuent A thing to giue, that's greater than Content? No, neither shall they wrap vs in such blindnesse, To make vs thinke the spight they doe, is kindnesse. For as I would aduise no childe to stray From the least duty that he ought to pay: So would I also have him wisely know, How much that duty is which he doth owe:

That

That knowing what doth vnto both belong, He may doe them their right, himselfe no wrong. For if my Parents him I lothe should chuse, Tis lawfull, yea my duty to refuse: Else, how shall I leade so vpright a life. As is enioyned to the Man and Wife? Since that we fee fometime there are repentings, Eu'n where there are the most, and best contentings. What, though that by our *Parents* first we live? Is not life mifery enough to give; Which at their births the children doth vndo. Vnlesse they adde some other mischiefe to? Cause they gaue being to this flesh of our, Must we be therefore slaues vnto their power? We nere desir'd it, for how could we tell, Not being, but that not to be was well: Nor know they whom they profit by it, feeing Happy were fome, if they had had no being. Indeed, had they produc'd vs without fin, Had all our duty to have pleas'd them bin: Of the next life, could they assure the state, And both beget vs and regenerate; There were no reason then we should withstand To vndergoe their tyrannou'st command: In hope that either for our hard endurance, We should, at last, have comfort in assurance: Or, if in our endeauours we mif-fped, At least feele nothing when we should be dead.

But

But what's the *Reason* for't that we shall be Inthral'd so much vnto Mortality?
Our soules on will of any *Men* to tye
Vnto an euerlasting misery.
So farre, perhaps to, from the good of either,
We ruine them, our selues, and altogether.

Children owe much, I must confesse 'tis true. And a great debt is to the *Parents* due: Yet if they have not so much power to crave But in their owne defence the liues they gaue: How much lesse then, should they become so cruell As to take from them the high-prized Iewell Of liberty in choyce, whereon depends The maine contentment that the heaven here lends? Worth life, or wealth, nay far more worth then either Or twenty thousand lives put all together. Then howfoeuer fome, feuerer bent, May deeme of my opinion, or intent, With that which followes thus conclude I doe: (And I have Reason for't, and Conscience to) No Parent may his Childes iust sute deny On his bare will, without a reason why: Nor he so vs'd, be disobedient thought, If vnapprou'd, he take the match he fought.

So then if that thy faith vncrazed be, Thy friends dislike shall be no stop to me: For, if their will be not of force to doe it, They shall have no cause else to drive them to it.

What

What is it they against vs can alleage? Both young we are, and of the fittest age, If thou dissembledst not, both loue; and both To admit hinderance in our loues are loth. 'Tis prejudiciall vnto none that liues; And Gods, and humane Law our warrant giues. Nor are we much vnequall in degree, Perhaps our Fortunes somewhat different be. But fay that little meanes, which is, were not, The want of wealth may not dissolue this knot. For though some such preposterous courses wend, Prescribing to themselues no other end, Marr'age was not ordain'd t'enrich men by, Vnlesse it were in their posterity. And he that doth for other causes wed, Nere knowes the true fweetes of a marriage bed: Nor shall he by my will, for 'tis vnfit He should have blisse that never aym'd at it.

Though that bewitching gold the Rabble blindes, And is the obiect of all Vulgar mindes: Yet those, me-thinkes, that graced seeme to bee, With so much good as doth appeare in thee, Should scorne their better-taught desires to tye To that, which sooles doe get their honour by. I can like of the wealth (I must confesse) Yet more I prize the man, though mony-lesse. I am not of their humour yet, that can For Title, or Estate, affect a Man;

Or

Or of my felfe, one body deigne to make With him I lothe, for his possessions fake. Nor wish I euer to haue that minde bred In me, that is in those; who, when they wed, Thinke it enough, they doe attaine the grace Of some new honour, to fare well, take place, Weare costly cloathes, in others sights agree, Or happy in opinion seeme to bee.

I weigh not this: for were I fure before Of Spencers wealth, or our rich Suttons store; Had I therewith a man, whom Nature lent, Person enough to give the eye content: If I no outward due, nor right did want, Which the best Husbands in appearance grant: Nay, though alone we had no private iarres But merry liu'd from all domesticke cares; Vnlesse I thought his Nature so incline, That it might also sympathize with mine, (And yeeld fuch correspondence with my mind' Our foules might mutually contentment find, By adding vnto these which went before, Some certaine vnexpressed pleasures more, Such as exceed the streight and curb'd dimensions Of common mindes, and vulgar apprehensions) I would not care for fuch a match, but tarry In this estate I am, and neuer marry.

Such were the fweets I hop'd to have possest,
When Fortune should with thee have made me blest.
My heart could hardly thinke of that content,
To apprehend it without rauishment.

Each

Qα

Each word of thine (me-thought) was to my eares More pleasing then that musicke, which the Spheares (They fay) doe make the gods, when in their chime, Their motions *Diapason* with the time. In my conceit, the opening of thine eye. Seem'd to give light to every object by, And shed a kinde of life vnto my shew, On every thing that was within it view. More ioy I'ue felt to have thee but in place, Then many doe in the most close embrace Of their beloued'ft friend, which well doth proue, Not to thy body onely tends my loue: But mounting a true height, growes so divine, It makes my foule to fall in loue with thine. And fure now whatfoe're thy body doe, Thy foule loues mine, and oft they vifit too. For late I dream'd they went, I know not whither, Vnlesse to *Heaven*, and there play'd together; And to this day I nere could know or fee, 'Twixt them or vs the least Antibathy. Then what should make thee keepe thy person hence, Or leave to love, or hold it in suspence? If to offend thee I vnawares was driven, Is't fuch a fault as may not be forgiuen? Or if by frownes of Fate, I have beene checkt, So that I feeme not worth thy first respect. Shall I be therefore blamed and vpbraided, With what could not be holpen, or auoyded? Tis not my fault: yet cause my Fortunes doe, Wilt thou be fo vnkinde to wrong me too?

Not

Not vnto Thine, but thee I fet my heart, So nought can wipe my loue out while thou art: Though thou wert poorer both of house and meat, Then he that knowes not where to fleepe or eat: Though thou wert funke into obscurity, Become an abject in the worlds proud eye. Though by peruersenesse of thy Fortune crost, Thou wert deformed, or some limbe had'st lost, That love which Admiration first begot, Pitty would strengthen, that it sailed not: Yea, I should loue thee still, and without blame, As long as thou couldst keepe thy minde the same; Which is of *Vertues* fo compact (I take it) No mortall change shall have the power to shake it. This may, and will (I know) feeme strange to those That cannot the Aby/s of loue disclose, Nor must they thinke, whom but the out-side moues Euer to apprehend fuch noble Loues; Or more conjecture their vnfounded measure, Then can we mortals of immortall pleafure.

Then let not those dull vnconceiuing braines, Who shall hereafter come to reade these straines, Suppose that no loues fire can be so great, Because it giues not their cold Clime such heate; Or thinke m'inuention could haue reached here Vnto such thoughts, vnlesse fuch loue there were: For then they shall but shew their knowledge weake, And iniure me, that seele of what I speake.

But now my lines grow tedious, like my wrong, And as I thought that, thou think'ft this too long.

Qq2

Or

Or some may deeme, I thrust my selfe into More then befeemeth modesty to do. But of the difference I am not vnwitting, Betwixt a peeuish coynesse, and things fitting: Nothing respect I, who pries ore my doing: For here's no vaine allurements, nor fond wooing, To traine some wanton stranger to my lure; But with a thought that's honest, chaste, and pure, I make my cause vnto thy conscience knowne, Suing for that which is by right my owne. In which complaint, if thou doe hap to finde Any fuch word, as feemes to be vnkind: Mistake me not, it but from Passion sprung, And not from an intent to doe thee wrong. Or if among these doubts my sad thoughts breed, Some (peraduenture) may be more then need They are to let thee know, might we dispute, There's no objections but I could refute; And spight of *Enuy* such defences make, Thou shouldst embrace that love thou dost forsake.

Then do not (oh forgetfull man) now deeme, That 'tis ought lesse then I have made it seeme. Or that I am vnto this Passon mou'd, Because I cannot else-where be belou'd: Or that it is thy state, whose greatnesse knowne, Makes me become a suter for my owne: Suppose not so; for know this day there be Some that wooe hard for what I offer thee: And I have ever yet contented bin With that estate I first was placed in.

Banish

Banish those thoughts, and turne thee to my heart; Come once againe, and be what once thou wert. Reuiue me by those wonted ioyes repairing, That am nigh dead with forrowes and despairing: So shall the memory of this annoy, But adde more fweetnesse to my future ioy; Yea, make me thinke thou meantst not to deny me, But onely wert estranged thus, to try me. And lastly, for that loues sake thou once bar'st me, By that right hand thou gau'ft, that oath thou fwar'ft me. By all the *Passions*, and (if any be) For her deare fake that makes thee injure me: I here coniure thee; no intreat and fue, That if these lines doe ouer-reach thy view, Thou wouldst afford me so much fauour for them. As to accept, or at least not abhorre them. So though thou wholly cloake not thy difdaine, I shall have somewhat the lesse cause to plaine: Or if thou needs must scoffe at this, or me, Do't by thy felfe, that none may witnesse be. Not that I feare 'twill bring me any blame, Onely I am loth the world should know my shame. For all that shall this plaint with reason view. Will judge me faithfull, and thee most vntrue. But if Oblinion, that thy loue bereft, Hath not fo much good nature in thee left, But that thou must, as most of you men doe, When you have conquer'd, tyrannize it too: Know this before, that it is praife to no man To wrong fo fraile a Creature as a woman.

Qq3

And to infult or'e one, so much made thine, Will more be thy disparagement then mine.

But oh (I pray that it portend no harmes) A chearing heate my chilled fenses warmes: Iust now I flashing feele into my brest, A fudden comfort, not to be exprest; Which to my thinking, doth againe begin To warne my heart, to let fome hope come in; It tels me 'tis impossible that thou Shouldst live not to be mine, it whispers how My former feares and doubts have beene in vaine, And that thou mean'ft yet to returne againe. It faies thy absence from some cause did grow, Which, or I should not, or I could not know. It tels me now, that all those proofes, whereby I feem'd affur'd of thy difloyalty, May be but treacherous plots of some base foes, That in thy absence sought our ouerthrowes.

Which if it proue; as yet me thinkes it may, Oh, what a burden shall I cast away?
What cares shall I lay by? and to what height Towre in my new ascension to delight?
Sure er'e the full of it I come to try,
I shall eu'n surfet in my ioy and die.
But such a losse might well be call'd a thriuing Since more is got by dying so, then liuing.

Come kill me then, my deare, if thou thinke fit, With that which neuer killed woman yet:

Or write to me before, so shalt thou giue

Content more moderate that I may liue:

And when I fee my staffe of trust vnbroken, I will vnspeake againe what is mis-spoken. What I have written in dispraise of Men, I will recant, and praise as much agen; In recompence Ile adde vnto their Stories, Encomiasticke lines to ymp their glories. And for those wrongs my love to thee hath done, Both I and it vnto thy Pitty runne: In whom, if the least guilt thou finde to be, For ever let thine armes imprison me.

Meane while I'le try if mifery will spare
Me so much respite, to take truce with care.
And patiently await the doubtfull doome,
Which I expect from thee should shortly come;
Much longing that I one way may be sped,
And not still linger 'twixt aliue and dead.
For I can neither liue yet as I should,
Because I least enioy of that I would;
Nor quiet die, because (indeed) I first
Would see some better daies, or know the worst.

Then hasten Deare, if to my end it be,
It shall be welcome, cause it comes from thee.
If to renew my Comfort ought be sent,
Let me not loose a minute of Content.
The precious Time is short, and will away,
Let ve enioy each other while we may.
Cares thriue, Age creepeth on, Men are but shades,
Ioyes lessen, Youth decaies, and Beauty sades;
New turnes come on, the old returneth neuer,
If we let our goe past, 'tis past for euer.

FINIS.

Α

A Metricall Paraphrase

A Metricall Paraphrafe vpon the CREEDE.



Ince it befits, that I account should give What way vnto saluation I beleeve; Of my profession here the summe I gather. First, I confesse a Faith in God the Father:

In God, who (without Helper or Pertaker) Was of himfelfe the Worlds Almighty Maker. And first gaue Time his being: who gaue birth To all the Creatures, both of Heauen and Earth. Our euerlasting wel-fare doth consist In his great mercies, and in Iefus Christ: (The fecond person of that Three in one) The Father's equall, and his onely Sonne; That euer-bleffed, and incarnate Word, Which our Redeemer is, our life, Our Lord. For when by Sathans guile we were deceived, Christ was that meanes of helpe, which was conceived; Yea, (when we were in danger to be loft) Conceived for Vs, by the Holy Ghoft. And that we might not euer be for-lorne, For our eternall fafety he was Borne; Borne as a Man (that Man might not miscary) Euen of the substance of the Virgin Mary, And loe, a greater mercy, and a wonder: He that can make All, suffer, suffered vnder

The

vpon the Creede.

The Iewish spite (which all the world reuile at) And Romish tyrannies of Pontius Pilate. In him doe I beleeue, who was enuied, Who with extreamest hate was Crucified: Who being Life it felfe (to make affured Our foules of fafety) was both dead, and buried; And that no seruile seare in vs might dwell, To conquere, Hee descended into Hell: Where no infernall Power had power to lay Command vpon him; but on the third day The force of Death and Hell he did constraine, And so in Triumph, He arose againe. Yea, the Almighty power aduanc'd his head, Aswell aboue all things, as from the dead. Then, that from thence gifts might to men be given, With glory, Hee ascended into Heauen: Where, that supreame and euerlasting throne, Which was prepar'd, he climb'd; and fitteth on That bleffed feate, where he shall make abode To plead for vs, at the right hand of God. And no where should he be enthroned rather, Then there: for, he is God, as is the Father. And therefore, with an equal loue delight I To praise and serue them both, as one Almighty: Yet in their office there's a difference. And I beleeue, that Iefus Christ, from thence, Shall in the great and vniuerfall doome, Returne; and that with Angels He shall come, To question such as at his Empire grudge; Euen those who have presumed him to indge.

A Metricall Paraphrase

And that blacke day shall be so Catholicke, As I beleeue not onely that the quicke To that affife shall all be summoned; But, he will both adjudge them, and the dead. Moreouer, in the Godhead I conceiue Another Person, in whom I beleeve: For all my hope of bleffednesse were lost, If I beleeu'd not in the holy Ghost. And though vaine Schismatickes through pride & solly Contemne her power, I doe beleeue the holy Chast Spouse of Christ (for whom so many search By markes vncertaine) the true Cath'like Church. I doe beleeue (God keepe vs in this vnion,) That there shall be for ever the Communion Of Gods Elect: and that he still acquaints His Children in the fellowship of Saints. Though damned be Mans naturall condition. By grace in Christ I looke for the remission Of all my foule misdeeds; for, there begins Deaths end, which is the punishment of sinnes. Moreover, I the Sadduces infection Abhorre, and doe beleeue the Resurrection: Yea, though I turne to dust; yet through God, I Expect a glorious rising of the body; And that, exempted from the cares here rife, I shall enjoy perfection and the life That is not subject vnto change or wasting; But euer-bleffed, and for euerlasting. This is my Faith, which that it faile not when It most should steed me, let God say, Amen.

To

vpon the Lords Prayer.

To whom, that he so much vouchsafe me may, Thus as a member of his Church, I pray:



Ord, at thy Mercy-seat, our selues we gather, To doe our duties vnto thee, *Our Father*. To whom all praise, al honor, should be giuen: For, thou art that great God which art in heaue.

Thou by thy wisdome rul'st the worlds whole frame. For euer, therefore, Hallowed be thy Name. Let neuer more delayes divide vs from Thy glories view, but let Thy Kingdome come. Let thy commands opposed be by none, But thy good pleasure, and Thy will be done. And let our promptnesse to obey, be euen The very same in earth, as 'tis in heauen. Then, for our felues, O Lord, we also pray, Thou wouldst be pleased to Give vs this day, That food of life wherewith our foules are fed, Contented raiment, and our daily bread. With eu'ry needfull thing doe thou relieue vs: And, of thy mercy, pitty And forgive vs All our misdeeds, in him whom thou didst please, To take in offering for our trespasses. And for as much, O Lord, as we believe, Thou so wilt pardon vs, as we forgine; Let that loue teach vs, wherewith thou acquaints vs, To pardon all them, that trespasse against vs.

And

A Metricall Paraphrase, &c.

And though fometime thou findst we have forgot This Loue, or thee; yet helpe, And leade vs not Through Soule or bodies want, to desperation 30. 8. Nor let abundance driue, into temptation. Let not the foule of any true Beleeuer, Fall in the time of tryall: But deliver Yea, faue him from the malice of the Diuell; And both in life and death keepe vs from euill. Thus pray we Lord: And but of thee, from whom Can this be had? For thine is the Kingdome. The world is of thy workes the grauen story, To thee belongs the power, and the glory. And this thy happinesse hath ending neuer: But shall remaine for ever, and for ever. This we confesse; and will confesse agen, Till we shall say eternally, Amen.

Thou shalt write them vpon the postes of thy house, and vpon thy Gates. Deut. 6. 9.

FINIS.

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